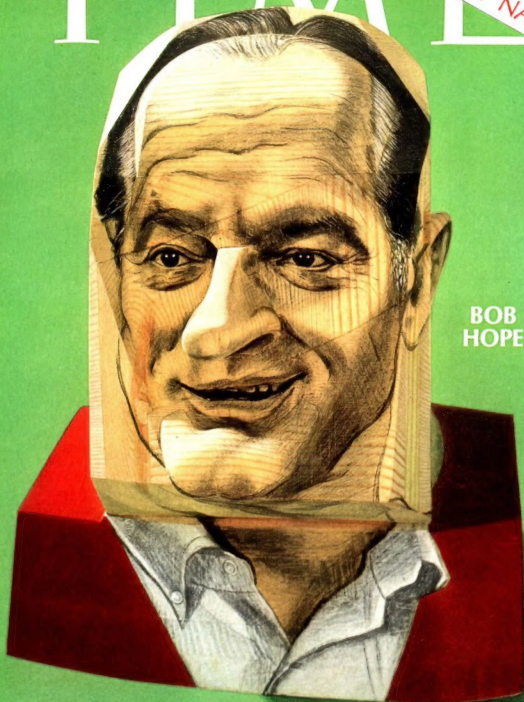


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DECEMBER 22, 1967

CHRISTMAS IN VIET NAM

TIME



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TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, December 20

THE KRAFT MUSIC HALL (NBC, 9-10 p.m.). It's a mixed bag when Santa Claus (Ed McMahon), Ebenezer Scrooge (Cyril Ritchard) and Bob Cratchit (Tony Tanner) join their dancing hostess on "The Mitzie Gaynor Christmas Show."

DIARY OF A MADMAN (CBS, 10-11 p.m.). Nicolas Gogol's story of the mental disintegration of a government clerk, as performed by French Actor Roger Goggin.

Thursday, December 21

CBS THURSDAY NIGHT MOVIES (CBS, 9-11 p.m.). Judy Garland and Dirk Bogarde in *I Could Go On Singing*, the backstage story of entertainer Jenny Bowman, filmed in and around London.

THE DEAN MARTIN SHOW (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). The Sinatras join the Martins for some Christmas cheer, family style. That adds up to Frank, Nancy, Frank Jr. and Tina; Dean, Jeanne, Craig, Claudia, Gail, Deana, Dino, Ricci and Gina.

Friday, December 22

THE NUTCRACKER (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker*, one of the most enchanting ballets, is performed by the New York City Ballet and Helga Heinrichs and Niles Keleth. Eddie Albert serves as host-narrator of this show, which was filmed in West Germany. Repeat.

ALAMÉIN: A MONTY MEMOIR (NBC, 10-11 p.m.). British Field Marshal Montgomery recalls, with the help of actual combat footage, how his Eighth Army defeated Rommel's Afrika Korps in the North African desert 25 years ago.

Saturday, December 23

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 2 p.m. to conclusion). First of the pro football playoffs: the Green Bay Packers, winners of the Central Division, v. the victors in the Coastal Division, for the Western Conference championship. From Milwaukee.

THE JACKIE GLEASON SHOW (CBS, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). Art Carney, Sheila MacRae and Jane Kean join Jackie in a Christmas special about the Poor Soul who takes a dreamy excursion through the land of make-believe. Repeat.

Sunday, December 24

AND ON EARTH, PEACE (CBS, 10-11 a.m.). The Christmas music of Central and Eastern Europe, with Baritone Igor Gorin, Tenor Jan Kiepura and Soprano Eva Likova. Repeat.

THE UNVANQUISHED (NBC, 12:30-1 p.m.). The drama of Masada in the year A.D. 73, when the Jewish defenders of the desert fortress committed suicide before their Roman conquerors, is re-created in observance of Hanukkah, the Festival of Lights.

MEET THE PRESS (NBC, 1-1:30 p.m.). Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare John Gardner is the guest.

THE ETHERAL LIGHT (NBC, 1:30-2 p.m.). Filmed in Amsterdam, "The Legacy of Anne Frank" outlines the German occupation of Holland during World War II, focusing on Anne's story, with discussion of her diary by her father.

* All times E.S.T.

NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE (CBS, 2:30 p.m. to conclusion). Now comes the N.F.L.'s Eastern championship, with the Capital Division's Dallas Cowboys v. the winner of the Century Division.

SAGA OF WESTERN MAN (ABC, 7-8 p.m.). John Secondari and John Huston narrate this story of the wanderings of the Jews from the time of Abraham to the birth of Christ. Repeat.

WALT DISNEY'S WONDERFUL WORLD OF COLOR (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.). This Christmas package, "From All of Us to All of You," includes clips from such Disney favorites as *Peter Pan*, *Pinocchio*, *Bambi*, *Snow White* and *The Seven Dwarfs*, *The Lady and the Tramp* and *Cinderella*.

THE SHEPHERDES PLAYE (ABC, 11:30 p.m.-midnight). World premiere of John La Montaine's pageant opera, adapted from four medieval Corpus Christi plays.

CHRISTMAS EVE MIDNIGHT MASS (NBC, 12-1:30 a.m.). From St. Patrick's Cathedral in Manhattan.

Monday, December 25

THE HOW MADE FLESH (NBC, 10-11 a.m.). An ecumenical Christmas service of scripture and song from the National Cathedral in Washington, D.C. Participants include representatives of the Disciples of Christ and the Orthodox, Episcopal, Baptist and Roman Catholic churches.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC YOUNG PEOPLE'S CONCERT (CBS, 5-6 p.m.). "A Toast to Vienna in 3/4 Time" marks the 125th anniversary of the Vienna Philharmonic (as well as the New York Philharmonic) with a salute to Viennese music.

Tuesday, December 26

WHO, WHAT, WHEN, WHERE, WHY (CBS, 10-10:30 p.m.). Harry Reasoner reports on the similarities and dissimilarities between Bethlehem at the time of Christ and today. CBS tours the holy places.

THEATER

On Broadway

THE SHOW-OFF is George Kelly's comedy of 1924, but it is datelessly entertaining. Its hero (Clayton Corzatte) is a braying, backslapping braggart with the laugh of a hyena and the grandiloquent transparency of a born liar. The actress who commandeers the stage in this APA revival is Helen Hayes in her best role since Queen Victoria.

HOW NOW, NOW JONES puts a musical clinker into Broadway's Christmas stocking. Set in the golden canyons of Wall Street, the libretto manages an occasional up-tick of humor about stocks, bonds and mutual funds, but in general the proceedings are as cheery as Black Friday.

PANTAGLEIZE. In 1929, Belgian Playwright Michel de Ghelderode was filled with antic despair, a quality that is strikingly transmitted in a bold, resourceful production by the APA repertory company. His hero (Ellis Rabb) is an innocent who, in the course of a search for his destiny, scratches himself against the world and sets it aflame with revolution. In his "farce to make you sad" Ghelderode satirizes every brand of caustic who ever hoped to remodel the world—and manages to reduce history to irony.

EVERYTHING IN THE GARDEN. Edward Albee's latest effort, adapted from a British

play by Giles Cooper, is not so much a black comedy as taffetale grey. Starring Barbara Bel Geddes and Barry Nelson, *Garden* puts forth the notions that hell is possessions, and that in the rush to acquire them, men trample love, decency and honor.

ROSENKRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD watches the spotlight from Hamlet to his Wittenberg school chums. With dextrous wit and sure stagecraft, British Playwright Tom Stoppard shows how little straws caught in the sweep of history often see great tumults as just so much wind. Superb performances by John Wood, Brian Murray and Paul Hecht add momentum to a driving evening of theater.

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY, by Harold Pinter, is a comedy of terrors, tickling the funny bone with the feather of the absurd, while scratching away at the skin with a razor-edge of truth about self.

Off Broadway

THE TRIALS OF BROTHER JERO AND THE STRONG BREED. In this double bill introducing his work to the U.S., Nigerian Playwright Wole Soyinka proves himself to be both a satirist and a mythopoeist, blending modern mockery and irony with a residual reverence for the African past, bringing Soyinka's heroes out of tribal folklore to convincing stage life.

RECORDS

Oratorio & Vocal

Among the new releases there are several by modern composers who have turned for inspiration to the old texts and their dialogues with the divinities. There are also several other recordings to remind listeners that the music of the old masters can never really be surpassed.

PENDEKEREI: PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE (2 LPs; Victrola). Polish Composer Krzysztof Penderecki's score may contain more metaphysics than faith, but it has a rare power despite its vaguish use of complex modern idioms. He was even able to mix ancient notation orders (such as B-A-C-H, a tone symbol of the Cross as well as an honor to J. S. Bach) with the twelve-tone system without ever betraying the power and meaning of his varied Latin texts. The performers under Conductor Henryk Czyz should receive great credit for illuminating this haunting music.

YARDUAMIN: COME, CREATOR SPIRIT (RCA Victor). Fordham University commissioned Yardenian's Mass in English not only to celebrate its 125th anniversary last year but also as a response to the Ecumenical Council's decision to sanction Mass in the vernacular. Although Yardenian intended to write music that could easily be sung by congregations, his Mass is greatly benefited by the professional musicianship of Soprano Lili Chookasian, Philadelphia's Chamber Symphony and two superbly conducted choirs.

BERLIOZ: L'ENFANCE DU CHRIST (2 LPs; Angel). This "sacred trilogy" was one of Berlioz' most successful compositions, but first he had to trick 19th century Paris into accepting it. The central part, *Flight into Egypt*, was slyly introduced by the composer as a "fragment of an oratorio in the olden style, attributed to Pierre Duceré, master of the chapel at Sainte Chapelle, Paris, in 1679." The "olden style" was true enough, but Pierre Duceré was only a figment of Berlioz' imagination. In any case, Berlioz' audiences were pleased

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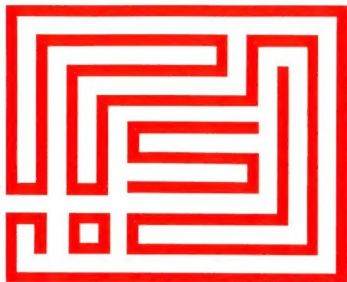
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by its lush operatic drama and romantic orchestration—and listeners should still be pleased by Conductor André Cluytens' most welcome recording.

BACH: "WEDDING" CANTATA; **HANDEL:** PRAISE OF HARMONY (Vivitrola). The texts to these two happy works are almost as affecting as their scores. Bach wrote sweet sounds to accompany such pleasant phrases as "This rebirth of the heart in love and laughter is better than spring's quick-dying joys," while Handel's jovial score embroiders such winged meditations as "Music! that all-persuading art,/ which soothes our griefs, inspires our joys,/ soft love creates, stern rage destroys,/ and moulds at will each stubborn heart." The performance by Conductor Reinhard Peters' Collegium Aureum is gentle, refreshing and cheering.

CINEMA

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER. Stanley Kramer's new film sets out bravely to face the problems of the marriage of a Negro man (Sidney Poitier) to a white girl (Katharine Houghton) but retreats into sugary platitudes despite the rallying performances of Spencer Tracy, as the girl's liberal but reluctant father, and Katharine Hepburn, as her sentimental mother.

HOW I WON THE WAR. Richard Lester mixes explosively funny moments with comedy of a blacker sort in a surrealistic vision of war, as a platoon of World War II tommyes (including Michael Crawford, Jack MacGowan, John Lennon) attempts to build an officers' cricket field behind enemy lines.

COOL HAND LUKE. Sadistic guards are unable to shake the *sang-froid* of a cocky chain-gang prisoner (Paul Newman), who wins the respect of hostile fellow prisoners, until he is finally beaten into groveling for mercy.

MORE THAN A MIRACLE. An utterly mindless but endearing fairy tale starring Sophia Loren as a peasant girl who wins the hand of the prince (Omar Sharif), who hadn't liked the seven princesses his mother had lined up for him anyway.

BOOKS

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Confessions of Nat Turner, Styron (1 last week)
2. Topaz, Uris (4)
3. The Gabriel Hounds, Stewart (2)
4. The Exhibitionist, Sutton (3)
5. The Chosen, Potok (5)
6. Christy, Marshall (7)
7. A Night of Watching, Arnold (10)
8. Rosemary's Baby, Levin (6)
9. The Arrangement, Kazan (8)
10. The President's Plane Is Missing, Serling

NONFICTION

1. Our Crowd, Birmingham (1)
2. Nicholas and Alexandra, Massie (2)
3. Rickenbacker, Rickenbacker (6)
4. The New Industrial State, Galbraith (4)
5. Twenty Letters to a Friend, Alliluyeva (3)
6. Memoirs: 1925-1950, Kennan (7)
7. Incredible Victory, Lord (5)
8. Anyone Can Make a Million, Shulman
9. A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church, Kavanaugh (9)
10. Between Parent and Child, Ginott (10)



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1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10

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when they are men of vision and men of action who are determined to enhance the values that flow from our Nation's pluralistic structure of higher education . . .

when the ten have joined their institutions in a cooperative program designed to strengthen every member institution, to expand graduate study opportunities, and to provide more and better education per dollar of expenditure through interinstitutional research, mutual faculty, program and facility development,

and through educational exchange projects that contribute to student enrichment . . .

when they have made provision for improving the quality of interaction between the world of thought and the world of action through unified cooperation with other elements of society; and . . .

when they have organized an association and have formulated a masterplan for accomplishing these purposes and for making this area of the country an outstanding center of higher education.

These ten men and the institutions they head proudly announce the birth of The Dayton-Miami Valley Consortium (Ohio).

Individuals and organizations desiring to play a part in this exciting educational venture are urged to communicate with any of the men pictured.

- 1 Dr. James P. Dixon, President
Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387
- 2 Dr. Brage Golding, President
Wright State University, Dayton, Ohio 45431
- 3 Dr. Harry E. Groves, President
Central State University, Wilberforce, Ohio 45384
- 4 Maj. Gen. Victor R. Haugen, Commandant
Air Force Institute of Technology
Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, Ohio 45433
- 5 Dr. Ronald Jones, President
Urbana College, Urbana, Ohio 43078
- 6 Dr. Marvin C. Knudsen, President
Sinclair Community College, Dayton, Ohio 45402
- 7 Dr. James Read, President
Wilmington College, Wilmington, Ohio 45177
- 8 Father Raymond Roesch, President
The University of Dayton, Dayton, Ohio 45409
- 9 Dr. John Stauffer, President
Wittenberg University, Springfield, Ohio 45501
- 10 Dr. Rembert Stokes, President
Wilberforce University, Wilberforce, Ohio 45384

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LETTERS

Balancing the Budget

Sir: Your Essay "How To Cut the U.S. Budget" (Dec. 8), in the paragraph on Agriculture, raises some questions that cast doubt on the amount of research done by your writer. You claim the farm to be the home "of the nation's most coddled minority"—coddled by whom? Certainly not by the U.S. Department of Agriculture whose planning and continual changing of the Feed Grain Program has brought the price of corn down again this year. You blame rising food prices on Government subsidies—how about the fact that the U.S. housewife today wants her food completely prepared for her before she buys it, does not this add considerably to the cost of food in the supermarket? Furthermore, as a nation, we still enjoy the lowest food costs (in terms of annual income of consumers) of any industrial nation. True, hunger stalks half the world, but the U.S. farmer will not gain much by giving food away—the good feeling one gets from acts of charity will not help pay off the implement and fertilizer companies. Perhaps what concerns me the most is that a city slum dweller with an income of less than \$3,000 a year becomes a prime target for the War on Poverty; but a farmer with a net income of less than \$3,000 a year is part of a "coddled minority."

JOHN D. UPFIELD
Editor

The Villager
Lake Village, Ind.

Sir: By supporting appropriations for the SST, TIM has demonstrated a research in competence exceeded only by that of the Federal Aviation Administration.

You would be hard-pressed to find a competent acoustician, heart specialist or surgeon who would find the sturtle of the sonic boom acceptable to society. Air routes that avoid populated areas and economists who agree with the FAA are equally rare.

DR. ALAN RHODES

Willoughby, Ohio

Sir: Thank you for a bold and enlightening perspective on economics. Also, thanks for such a wisely proposed allocation of our American funds.

JOHN MAHANNA

Chicago

Three Cheers for Mac

Sir: Robert McNamara's accomplishments (Dec. 8) will live long after his little hecklers are forgotten. One who does not agree with all of his policies or actions, but in this complex world he had the courage to try. In this hour, which must be painful to him, the American people should give him a rousing cheer for a job well done.

JOHN J. CHRY

Rosemont, Pa.

Sir: In lamenting the departure of Mr. McNamara, my boss for the past two years, I should like to make a few observations on our era: glamour and personality, petty and inconsequential qualities seem to play much too great a role in the selection of our national leaders. Mr. McNamara, with his drab, old-fashioned, almost spartan public image, has proved a welcome and competent exception to the rule. His unquestioned integrity, coupled with his demonstrated ability, loyalty

and courage, mark him as one of the truly unsung heroes of our time. It is regrettable that such enormous talents are to be relegated to the second-class showcase of the World Bank presidency.

FRANK S. JAMES III
Second Lieutenant, U.S.A.

25th Infantry Division
Viet Nam

Sir: You report the news that "the Defense Secretary would soon leave his post for the relative backwater of the World Bank's presidency." This comparison is between heading an international lending institution that has only about \$1 billion to \$1.5 billion a year to spend to raise the standard of living of 1.5 billion underprivileged people on one hand, and heading the most powerful institution in the world that shoots away twice that amount in the space of a month in that "limited" war in Viet Nam on the other. No doubt this is real downgrading.

ERIK HAKER

Nairobi, Kenya

Open Letter

Sir: Thank you for the excellent Essay "On Being An American Parent" (Dec. 15). Oh, how I wish every parent and future parent would read it and take it to heart!

You quoted the Beatles, John Lennon and Paul McCartney, with the line, "We gave her everything money could buy." What about a following line, "Fun is the one thing money can't buy."

I love my parents and I know they love me, but they've ruined my life. Your paragraphs under "Listen" very well sum up what I'm trying to say. I could never tell my parents anything, it was always "I'm too busy . . . too tired . . . that's not important . . . that's stupid . . . can't you think of better things . . . oh, your friends are wrong . . . they're stupid . . . a result, I stopped telling my parents anything." All communication ceased. We never had that very important thing—fun.

Oh, we had love. Prompted on my side by an ever-present fear of my mother and pity for my father, and prompted on their side by the thought that I was their responsibility and if I went wrong, they would be punished by God.

After four rotten years in a Catholic girls school (I did have two or three very wonderful teachers) I'm now stuck in an even worse Catholic women's college. Only the best for me! They knew I didn't want to come but made me anyway.

Their daughter wasn't going to be corrupted! I had already been saved from the evils of early dating and doing things that "everyone else" did.

What is the result of this excellent upbringing? I'm 18 years old, drink whenever I get the chance, have smoked pot, and as of a very eventful Thanksgiving vacation, am no longer a virgin. Why? Was it my parents or just me? I'm so very confused—but who can I talk to. Not my parents. My parents could hear this and never dream it was their daughter.

I have only one important plea to parents . . . Listen, listen, and listen again. Please, I know, the consequences and I'm in hell.

A COLLEGE STUDENT

Ohio

Liked Bonnie, Liked Clyde

Sir: *Bonnie and Clyde* (Dec. 8) is not a film for adults, and I believe that much of its degradation has come from that fact. Adults are used to being entertained in theaters—coming out smiling and humming the title song—but our generation (I am 18, a college freshman) was brought up in an era of documentary movies and television. We can accept documentation, tragedy, human frailty and downfall on a Saturday-night date to the local theater. The reason it was so silent, so horribly violent in the theater at the end of the film was because we *liked* Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow. We identified with them and wanted to be like them, and their deaths made us realize that newspaper headlines are not so far removed from our quiet dorm rooms.

LYNDA BENDER

Peoria, Ill.

Sir: I realize that you must report the facts, but I'm afraid your article on "The new in films" only serves to further condition us to receive, with minds at half-mast, future movies on the acceptance, tolerance, even the glorification of violence. I'm certain many of us look forward eagerly to such productions as the life of Adolf Hitler, the poor misguided Austrian paperhanger, complete with scenes of a Nazi unconcernedly dashing a child against a brick wall and Ise Koch making lampshades of human skin—all in glorious Technicolor, of course.

Now how about a feature article denouncing violence for what it is—the real obscenity on the American scene?

W. E. LITTLE

Richmond, Va.

Stuffing the Ballot Box

Sir: This year there can be no question who will be the Man of the Year, if not

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Man of the Century: Lyndon B. Johnson, for standing firm on Viet Nam despite the vilification and protests of people here and throughout the free world, the same ones who in more reasonable and peaceful times will owe him gratitude for a safer world.

ROBERT COREY

Brockton, Mass.

Sir: The man who most affects the thoughts of today's millions of urban dwellers: the street criminal.

W. A. CARRELL

Detroit

Sir: Primitivo Garcia and the people like him are the real Men of the Year every year. As long as a few of his kind remain, there is still hope for humanity.

MIKE MEAGHER

Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Sir: The Shah of Iran, who lifted Iran into the 20th century.

S. JOSEPH

Teheran

Sir: Cyrus R. Vance, a top diplomat, and peacemaker, for his superb work in solving the Cyprus crisis.

J. T. DONTOPoulos

Athens

Sir: George F. Kennan, whose intelligence, vision, insight and unparalleled wisdom deserve a much wider audience.

MARKION HARRIS

Parkersburg, W. Va.

Sir: Charles de Gaulle.

STEPHEN J. DONAHUE

San Francisco

Sir: Robert Kennedy.

MARLEEN ALICE SHUL

Cherry Point, N.C.

Sir: General William Westmoreland.

SONDRA HERFELD

Sioux Falls, S. Dak.

Sir: Pope Paul VI, of course.

JUAN GONZALEZ-MORENO

Manhattan

Sir: America's public-school teachers.

WILLIAM A. AMMERMAN

Clarion, Pa.

Sir: The American farmer.

JOHN D. WOODRUFF

College Corner, Ohio

Sir: God, from whom all our blessings come.

MRS. SHERRY HOWARD REEDY

Geneva, Ill.

Sir: The Devil.

W. E. NAWROCKI, M.D.

Wenatchee, Wash.

Sir: Billy Graham.

(MRS.) CAROLYN AMBROSE

Westbury, N.Y.

Sir: I don't think TIME should even have a Man of the Year for 1967. The state of the world shouldn't really be blamed on one man, should it?

PEGGY McGREFFY, '71

Creighton University
Omaha

To the C.O.R.

Sir: While serving in the Army as a medical officer, I was assigned to Kien Tuong

Provincial Hospital. I met with several of the members of the Committee of Responsibility who toured our hospital in search of children who could not be treated in these "woefully inadequate hospitals." Let me say that any children with congenital defects, of which there are many more than war-injuries, any non-war-injured, and any war-injured children above 14, such as one 15-year-old boy blinded and with both hands amputated because he inadvertently lifted a mine, could "not be considered" by the committee. Such selection of patients shows sheer hypocrisy to me: a truly humanitarian group would not "select" one patient and ignore another. Why must the selection be limited only to those with war injuries, which, I may add, in our province and, I suspect, in other provinces as well, were caused by mines set up by the V.C. in nearly 90% of the cases. The committee's feelings of humanitarianism to me are a shield for get-out-of-Viet-Nam-at-any-cost propaganda.

Rather than bring the children and their families to the U.S., wouldn't it make more sense to set up a modern semi-sophisticated adjunct to the already present Saigon Medical School, where we presently have volunteer U.S. physicians, coordinated through the A.M.A., teaching at regular intervals? If there is to be a selection of only 30 patients a month as stated, how much more and what a tremendously needed benefit to the Vietnamese physicians and medical students in Saigon it would be if such facilities were located in their native land.

CHARLES J. EGGERSTEDT, M.D.
Ventura, Calif.

"Buddha America"

Sir: *Deo gratias* for your article on Cardinal Spellman [Dec. 8]. Perhaps now people will realize that it is men like Cardinal Spellman who are representative of the Roman Catholic priesthood, not men like Groppi and Kavanaugh.

MARY GORMAN

Chicago

Sir: On a flight to Tokyo a couple of years ago, a Japanese passenger tried to make conversation. He spoke no English and communication was limited. All of a sudden a man stood up in front and the Japanese man proudly showed his knowledge of people by pointing to the man and saying: "Buddha, America." It was the late Cardinal Spellman, on his way to visit our boys in Korea and Viet Nam, as he did every year. Ever since, he remains in my memory as the Buddha, U.S.A.

(MRS.) AVA BROWNLEY

Chicago

Adult Letters to the Editors on TIME & LIFE Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10106.

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TIME DECEMBER 22 1967



*Measuring insurance companies is
like weighing hogs in Texas.*

A QUIET SIGH
FROM
THE ST. PAUL
INSURANCE
COMPANIES

How they used to weigh hogs in Texas is, put a hog on one end of a board, pile rocks on the other until they balance. Then guess how much the rocks weigh.

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which fill new gaps, so that what you need protected can be.

Solvency. Very nice to count on, in a company which may owe you money some day.

To these and other true-blue characteristics, we then add our admitted tendencies to be quiet instead of brash, to promise only what we know we'll deliver. (Our agents and brokers know how carefully we promise. Ask one.)

The net message is about as dramatic as a sarsaparilla at the band concert. Or would you rather look through our stereopticon?

Yet: next time you find yourself trying to weigh the comparative

merits of insurance companies, give thought to dull old Stability and Solvency.

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

December 22, 1967 Vol. 90, No. 25

THE NATION

THE WAR

Frontier Offensive

Clad in combat fatigues, with a dagger and a revolver buckled to his waist, Major General Olimo M. Barsanti marched up to General William C. Westmoreland at Bien Hoa airbase northeast of Saigon and declared: "The 101st Airborne Division is present for combat in Viet Nam." Arrival of the fresh troops last week marked a new and potentially crucial phase in the war. Westmoreland believes that allied troops have succeeded during 2½ years of fighting in pushing the main body of Communist regulars to South Viet Nam's frontiers. Now, in response to the enemy's delaying action there, he has launched a new strategy of border battles aimed at keeping the large, organized units of invaders out of South Viet Nam.

The addition of 7,000 Screaming Eagle paratroopers was accomplished during a month-long secret airlift, largest of its kind during any war, and boosted U.S. strength to 477,200—topping the peak American force of 472,800 in Korea. More G.I.s are on the way, as Westmoreland presses to achieve a total force of 525,000 promised by President Johnson for next June, several months ahead of schedule in order to press his new offensive.

Optimism & Perplexity. In the past two months, the Communists have also adopted a new strategy, but with such disastrous results that cautious U.S. field commanders are torn between optimism and perplexity. Since last October, when North Vietnamese regulars launched the war's most inept attack at Loc Ninh, losing 926 dead to 50 enemy forces have repeatedly hurled themselves against heavily fortified positions from their frontier redoubts.

Their losses have been large. In clashes last week alone, the Communists lost 54 dead at Gio Linh near the Demilitarized Zone in the northern province of Quang Tri, 56 near Danang, 471 at Bong Son in the center of the country along the coast, 143 north of Saigon, 39 northwest of the capital, and 501 in the Mekong Delta in the south. In all, 65 Americans and 78 South Vietnamese died in the battles. Meanwhile, Ho's homeland was heavily pounded last week by U.S. fighter-bombers. As monsoon clouds cleared for the first time in three weeks, Amer-



SCREAMING EAGLES OF 101ST AIRBORNE AT BIEN HOA

Winning combination regardless of the enemy's motives, moves or misinformation.

ican jets blasted downtown bridges and railroads in both Hanoi and Haiphong for three straight days.

"Attack & Attack!" The Communist tactics puzzle U.S. strategists, who wonder how long the North can sustain them. Says one high officer: "In our terms we would call it desperate, but I give the Communists far more credit in their planning and thinking than to tag their actions as desperate." In the past, enemy units have refrained from attacking until they had spent weeks planning the battle and scouting the fortifications, and then they took the initiative only when they had a fair chance of winning. Now all that has changed. Documents captured after one battle detailed orders to "attack and continue to attack" and score a "quick victory" even if it meant fighting "to the last man."

"They really don't like these sharp actions like Dak To," says one American general. "They prefer the drip, drip, drip of so many American casualties every week, every month. But they can't have both the drip, drip, and the sharp actions."

Nonetheless, it is the North Viet-

namese who are provoking the head-on clashes. What does it mean? Viet Nam veterans have been stung so often over the years by misplaced optimism that most have become cautious to a fault; yet some cautiously conjecture that the Communists' aggressiveness just might be the next step to negotiations (see Essay). "They're trying to pull off one last offensive and then talk peace," said one U.S. official. If that is so, however, the Viet Cong message to the United Nations last week gave no hint of it. More propaganda than proposal, it repeated the National Liberation Front's latest program, which suggests that alter the Communists win the war, a coalition government be established in Saigon.

Lingering Suspicion. A more likely explanation of the enemy's aggressiveness is that he continues to hope to capture a village or town to convince the South Vietnamese—and the U.S. public—of his strength. The Communists have never hesitated to sacrifice lives in hope of inflicting casualties that might spark war protests or win a psychological victory.

There is, of course, the lingering sus-

POLITICS

Preview of '68

As the 90th Congress ended its cantankerous first session last week, Lyndon Johnson gave the nation a preview of his re-election campaign. A dominant theme in 1968, he made clear, would be the mass—and the meaning of legislation he has extracted from Capitol Hill since he took office. And for whatever laws the President wanted and failed to get, Republican obstructionism would take the blame.

In appearances at Central Texas College in Killeen, the Space Assembly Facility at Michoud, La., and the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention at Bal Harbour, Fla., Johnson mixed folksiness, fire and factiousness to concoct a politically potent brew. Over and over again, he poured scorn on "the complainers, the critics, the doubters" and those ubiquitous "nay sayers." Repeatedly he called the roll of his Administration's breakthroughs: Medicare, aid to primary and secondary education, the poverty program and all the rest. Predictably ignoring the fact that he himself slowed down innovation and sought to curb spending increases in the past year, he called for more, more, more.

Without getting very specific, Johnson seemed to be promising a revival of the Great Society. That euphoric phrase itself had fallen into disuse in the Administration that popularized it, but at Killeen, Johnson used it twice—with emphasis. "We are rich enough," he declared. "Now the big question is: with your stomachs full, has it pushed your heart out of position where you no longer care?"

Nugent in 2000. At Killeen, he felt most at home sentimentally: "My grandfather drove his longhorns across this prairie on the way to Abilene." But it was at Bal Harbour that he was more comfortable politically. Amid the shards of the Johnsonian consensus, most of big labor remains loyal. A.F.L.-C.I.O. President George Meany has already endorsed the President for re-election. The latest federation convention whooped through a resolution supporting the Administration's Viet Nam policy and, with Walter Reuther absent, there was barely a skeptic to be found. Instead of end-the-war placards, Johnson spotted one promoting LYNDON NUGENT IN 2000.*

With 2,500 enthusiastic union delegates before him—applause punctuated by 35-minute speech 39 times—and a network TV audience, Johnson reminded his listeners of what he has done for them lately and not so lately, including two civil rights laws, immigration reform, an array of urban programs ranging from model cities to rat control, consumer-protection statutes, air-pollution control, minimum-wage increases and, inevitably, "81 months of

* Dynasts will have to wait until 2004 unless the constitutional age requirement of 35 is amended downward.

picion and secret hope that Ho's regime simply does not know how poorly it is doing. Lacking the ability of their U.S. counterparts to tour the battlefield regularly by helicopter, North Vietnamese commanders are at the mercy of reports from the field. How fanciful those reports can be was illustrated by the captured enemy summary on the battle of Loc Ninh. Instead of admitting disaster, the Communist commander reported that his forces destroyed "a U.S. armored battalion, a U.S. rifle battalion, a U.S. artillery battalion and one puppet (South Vietnamese) regiment." In fact, only 29 Americans and 21 Vietnamese were killed.

Hanoi's Americanologists seem to be equally misinformed about events in the U.S. Instructions issued to Communist cadres three months ago in Viet Nam, and since captured, advised that "many U.S. divisions are held up in the U.S.A. because of the Negro movement. There is a shortage of copper in the U.S.A., limiting the production of ammunition. No more taxes can be levied on the American people."

Washington Rumbblings. Regardless of the enemy's motives, *modus operandi*, or misinformation, the U.S. high command believes it has the winning combination for the main-force, frontier type of war. It has only been in the past year and a half that U.S. forces have been able to put sustained pressure on the Communists. Westmoreland points out. Previously, the massive logistic base to supply the troops had to be established in a primitive country. Yet in that time, Westmoreland asserts that many of the enemy units have been pushed back to the frontiers, or prevented from crossing them. Large Communist forces are now in three border areas: in North Viet Nam along the DMZ; at the junction of Laos and Cambodia near Dak To; and along eastern Cambodia near Loc Ninh. With the extra U.S. troops expected early next year, the majority of them destined for combat instead of support duties, Westmoreland is convinced that he can keep the Communists there.

Though critics claim that U.S. forces are being lured to the frontiers and thus give an undue advantage to the Communists, who enjoy the sanctuary of national borders, Westmoreland is convinced that it is a worthwhile handicap. When the enemy forces do succeed in entering South Viet Nam, he points out, they disrupt the local population, strengthen guerrilla activities, and become harder than ever to root out. It is far better, in his view, to fight the main-force units in the comparative emptiness of the frontier areas, where civilians are not endangered and the full might of U.S. firepower can be employed. Besides, if Cambodia does not soon police its own borders, U.S. commanders may some day be allowed to chase the North Vietnamese right to their Cambodian sanctuaries.

But the war in the populated provinces continues unabated. Sizeable North

Vietnamese units remain in the country, stretched from the outskirts of Hue and Danang in the north, southward to Quang Ngai, Binh Dinh and Phu Yen provinces, and northwest of Saigon in Hau Nghia and Tay Ninh provinces. To ferret them out, says Westmoreland, will take twice the time and twice the cost in casualties it would have taken to stop them at the frontier.

Tweet, Tweet. Unless the Communists sharply intensify the war, the U.S. strategy in coming months will be to press the fight at the borders and to find and destroy the main-force units inland. The tough First Air Cavalry and the 101st Division will become Westmoreland's mobile reserves, ready to meet major Communist moves anywhere in the country. The optimistic hope is that as inland areas become



SIGNING MEAT BILL WITH YUKI'S HELP
Potent brew of folksiness and fire.

cleared and the remaining main-force units are pushed to the frontiers, the South Vietnamese will be capable of taking over and holding the territory against local guerrillas. Next year they will be getting 225,000 new M-16 rifles and other modern U.S. armaments. Eventually, the Vietnamese forces are scheduled to guard their own frontiers and U.S. troops should be able to withdraw gradually. Westmoreland has set 1969 for the start of a phase-out.

Though American forces, when available from the battlefield, will continue to attempt to dig out the Viet Cong infrastructure in the hamlets and pacify the population, this also is seen as primarily a Vietnamese chore. The ultimate goal of the war is for the allegiance of the people of South Viet Nam, says a Pentagon general, "and as long as the guns boom in the distance, the war is still on for the people. I would like to get rid of the boom, boom." In its place, he wants to hear the tweet, tweet of a train engine. "That's a sound," he said, "that will say something to the people."

solid prosperity to break all records in American history." Promptly and conveniently, the Labor Department announced that unemployment from October to November fell from 4.3% to 3.9%, while unemployment among Negroes decreased from 8.8% to 7.3%.

One-Way Buggy. Johnson gave credit to the 90th Congress, but, he preached, "we need great Congresses again, not just good ones." And in his choicest invective, he excoriated the Republicans, particularly in the House, for making the 90th's first session ungreat. "In vote after vote," he declared, "the House members of the other party lined up like wooden soldiers of the status quo." Rather than provide constructive alternatives, the Republicans sought to bury good bills "in a blanket of rhetoric beneath a wave of reaction."

The longer he spoke, the broader his attack became. He started by specifically chastising House Republicans for votes on particular issues, then expanded his assault to include the "old Republican buggy [that] can go only one way and that is backwards, downhill." Johnson enjoyed himself immensely. On the way back to Washington and in subsequent appearances signing consumer-protection legislation, he was as perky and peppy as his mutt Yuki.

Wild-Eyed Engineer. Wooden or not, Republican troopers felt the wounds. House G.O.P. Leader Gerald Ford immediately retorted: "The Great Society of Lyndon Johnson has become a runaway locomotive with a wild-eyed engineer at the throttle." Johnson's speech was so widely acknowledged as blatantly partisan that Ford and Senate Leader Everett Dirksen had no trouble getting half an hour of rebuttal time three nights later on all three major networks.

Their trouble set in when they attempted to make a politically effective response. In a sleepy, somewhat suspicious dialogue, Fv and Jerry spent most of their time defending the Democratic-controlled 90th Congress, berating the Administration for inflationary policies, and bragging that because of added Republican strength, the 90th is able to stand up to the President where the 89th had not. Dirksen rightly observed that while many Democrats backbit the President on Viet Nam, "the wooden soldiers have not only been sustaining the Commander in Chief, but have been sustaining the live soldiers in Viet Nam."

Certainly Ford reflected the popular mood when he said that cutting Government spending was a better way to fight inflation than raising taxes, as Johnson proposes, but the fact is that Congress failed either to raise taxes or make an appreciable dent in spending. The Republicans tried, to be sure, but the only specific saving Dirksen would gloat over was foreign aid, the program with no broad lobby in this country. And when Ford attacked the "pretty bad record" of the 89th, he was forgetting the millions of voters benefit-

THE 90th's MIXED BAG

Along with its legislative record, each Congress writes its own short hand label: innovative or standpat, Micawberish or Scroogian, spineless or rebellious. The 90th's first session fell somewhere in between on each count. It reflected rather too faithfully the national condition of confusion and contention over Viet Nam and the urban crisis. Unable to change the course of either, its mood was often one of angry frustration. The fight over the proposed tax increase and efforts to curb federal spending flavored the entire session, giving it a bitter taste—but no tax bill and only marginal savings. In the House, where dispute was hottest, the Republicans began by declaring that the old conservative coalition of the G.O.P. and Southern Democrats was dead, but the bloc won more crucial vote tests than in any of the past ten years. Nonetheless, the tradition-clogged congressional machinery managed to finance the war, keep the important domestic programs going, and pass some key legislation. The record on major issues:

Approved

- ▶ The largest increase in social security benefits in the program's 32-year history was passed, raising monthly benefits at least 13% with proportionately larger increases at the bottom of the scale. But the bill included restrictions on state welfare programs subsidized by Washington.
- ▶ Urban, educational and poverty programs were generally continued, with some additions. For the first time, the model-cities concept received operational funding, and a new federal rat-control program was approved.
- ▶ Federal jurisdiction over air pollution control was expanded and research efforts increased.
- ▶ The consular treaty with the Soviet Union, signed in 1964, and this year's multilateral pact regulating weaponry in space and national-sovereignty claims on celestial bodies, were both approved by the Senate.
- ▶ Meat-inspection standards for processors and distributors covered only by state law became more stringent. The statute requires states to raise their standards to at least the federal levels already applied to meat sent across state lines. Other consumer-oriented legislation extended the Flammable Fabrics Act to include all fabrics used in clothing and household furnishings and established a National Commission on Product Safety to study potentially hazardous merchandise.
- ▶ Educational broadcasting was given a boost with the establishment of the Corporation for Public Broadcasting, which will subsidize non-commercial broadcast operations.
- ▶ Terms for settling the national railroad strike were dictated after repeated extensions of the strike deadline failed to avert a stoppage.

Defeated or Deferred

- ▶ The tax increase—10% surcharge on personal and corporate income sought by the Administration—never cleared the House Ways and

Means Committee. After much wrangling, the White House promised to trim \$2.6 billion from what would have been spent in the current fiscal year, and Congress excised another \$1.8 billion. It is possible that some tax increase will be voted next year.

- ▶ Civil rights proposals ran aground for the second straight year. The Administration's omnibus measure proposed open housing, a ban on jury discrimination and protection for civil rights workers.
- ▶ Crime legislation, including control of firearms distribution, assistance to local law-enforcement agencies and regulation of wiretapping, could not survive disagreement over the measures' purposes and scope. A House bill to make interstate travel for the purpose of inciting riots a federal offense died in the Senate.
- ▶ A truth-in-lending bill, to help acquaint the public with the cost of credit, passed the Senate but was held up in the House.
- ▶ Trade expansion with Communist countries got nowhere, as Congress showed an upsurge of protectionist sentiment and even more hostility than usual to foreign aid. The aid bill was reduced \$1 billion below the Administration request to \$2.29 billion, its lowest level ever; renewal of the Export-Import Bank's charter and funding beyond June 30 was delayed; and there were a number of efforts to protect industries claiming injury by foreign competition.
- ▶ Congressional reorganization, designed to streamline procedure, reform the committee system and strengthen controls on lobbying, was approved in the Senate but not the House.
- ▶ Congressional ethics, limelighted by the House's exclusion of Adam Clayton Powell and the Senate's censure of Thomas Dodd, remained conspicuously unfinished business. Although both chambers now have special committees assigned to writing ethics codes, neither group brought one to the floor.



NIXON, JAVITS & ROCKEFELLER AT SENATOR'S FUND-RAISING DINNER
No movement from the musclebound.

ing from that Congress's historically significant output. The present Congress, while producing some good legislation, was far from a stand-out performer during its first session (see box).

Thus Johnson, for all the unjust hyperbole of his attack, seemed to have the advantage in any debate over legislative accomplishments and failures. He could claim, with considerable accuracy, that the big bills enacted in the past four years grew from Administration proposals. Any minor adjustments and improvements added by the Republicans are difficult for the authors to explain and for the voters to remember. So the Republicans are left with some rather technical proposals, such as the block grants to states rather than subsidies for specific undertakings that characterize many federal programs, and a record of legislation opposed and appropriations trimmed.

REPUBLICANS

Revving Up

The New Hampshire primary, first chicane of the 1968 political grand prix, is still three months off, but already Michigan's Governor George Romney, the G.O.P.'s only major official entrant to date, is coughing and sputtering. Last week, revving up inexorably for a January announcement of his candidacy, Richard Nixon moved into the unenviable spot of "the man to beat."

In New Hampshire, State Republican Chairman John Palazzi reported Nixon leading Romney by as much as 3 to 1. In Wisconsin, which will hold the nation's second primary April 2, polls show the former Vice President leading Romney by some ten percentage points.

Nixon's current ascendancy is based partly upon an absence of new declarations in the G.O.P. ranks. Nelson Rocke-

feller, whom top Democrats regard as the most formidable threat to Lyndon Johnson next year, professes with diminishing credibility that he is not interested in being President. More important, Nixon has gained widespread acquiescence to the idea of his candidacy. Party leaders, many of them indebted to Nixon for his herculean campaign labors, have come to view him as an acceptable candidate who at least would not sunder the party as Barry Goldwater did three years ago—even though some doubt that he could win.

Image to Shuck. To try to shuck his loser's image, Nixon hopes for accelerating primary triumphs in New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Oregon and Nebraska. His aides say that he may also enter other state primaries against favorite-son Republicans. Nixon forces are bank-

ing, optimistically, on a first- or second-ballot victory at the convention.

Last week, in a bid for broad party support and accord with the Republicans' Eastern Establishment, Nixon turned up at a Manhattan fund-raising dinner that amassed some \$300,000 for New York's liberal Senator Jacob Javits—the first official New York G.O.P. function that Nixon has attended since moving there four years ago from California. While Rockefeller and New York Mayor John Lindsay listened with fixed smiles, Nixon warmly endorsed Javits for re-election next year. Ironically, the potentially most powerful bloc in the G.O.P. is musclebound. Twenty-four of the nation's 26 Republican Governors, ending a conference in Palm Beach last week, failed to unite behind any one candidate—although as many as 15 or 20 of them favor Rockefeller.

The Governors also ran into stubborn resistance from the congressional wing of the party over the 1968 G.O.P. platform. They demanded that a moderate from their ranks be made co-chairman of the platform committee, serving on a par with the almost certain congressional spokesman, Illinois' Senator Everett Dirksen. Wisconsin's Melvin Laird, chairman of the House Republican Conference and the conservative who chaired the 1964 platform committee, rejected the Governors' overtures, leaving unsettled what the tone of the 1968 G.O.P. platform will be and the kind of candidate who will be chosen to run on it.

DEMOCRATS

Oh Come All Ye True Doves

In his own version of the twelve days of Christmas, Eugene McCarthy racked up one campaign manager, two college triumphs, three promising states, four yeasty issues, five announced primaries, at least six supporting groups, and visions of a dove in a pear tree.

As his manager the Minnesota Sen-



McCARTHY CAMPAIGNING IN NEW HAMPSHIRE
Disturbing taste of life beyond the fringe.

ator named onetime CBS Executive Blair Clark, 50, who once served as public relations chief for Averell Harriman. In New Hampshire, where he made two speeches and checked his primary prospects, McCarthy was heartened by a poll of 21,000 students, faculty and staff members of 19 Northeast universities, which showed 75% "would not express confidence" in the way I.B.J. runs the war. Atop that, 1,271 Cornell signers sent McCarthy a telegram of good cheer. Of the five state primaries he has promised to enter, he was credited with solid strength in three: California, Oregon and Wisconsin. He has also announced that he will run in Massachusetts and Nebraska.

When Hubert Humphrey called him a "one-issue candidate," McCarthy responded by hitting hard on housing, unemployment and civil rights, linking these three issues into a plea to integrate the suburbs and get Negroes into the U.S. mainstream. Discussing Viet Nam, he reiterated his opposition to bombing north of the DMZ, but saw "no quick or easy steps" for settling the war. McCarthy rejected the notion of a precipitous pullout, observing that the U.S. should draw back to a somewhat vague point "where you can expect the South Viet Nam government to assume major responsibility."

While his contest with Lyndon Johnson brought him the support of a variety of dissident elements, including the Nobel-laden "Scientists and Engineers for McCarthy"—many of whose members populated "Scientists and Engineers for Johnson and Humphrey" in 1964—scholarly Gene McCarthy last week got a taste of life beyond the fringe and found it disturbing. At a University of New Hampshire symposium, when Black Power Advocate William L. Strickland purred ugly platitudes labeling the U.S. "fundamentally a racist nation," the usually imperturbable Senator snapped: "I just don't agree." It was clear already that one problem he faces will be to shake off the extremist groups that will try to exploit him as they did Henry Wallace 20 years ago.

The Administration takes McCarthy's challenge seriously enough to plan a full-scale campaign of Johnsonian elections and stand-in candidates in New England. And, in fact, now that McCarthy is in the lists, he may actually benefit I.B.J. by turning unfocused discontent into a contest between visible opponents, solidifying strength behind the President.

DEFENSE

Liberty v. Security

In the 17 years since Congress adopted the anti-Communist McCarran act over a presidential veto, the law's provisions have been systematically chipped away by the Supreme Court. Last week the court filed the act's last remaining fangs almost to the vanishing point.

By a vote of 6 to 2, the court reject-

ed as unconstitutional the McCarran provision that any Communist Party member is *ipso facto* denied the right to work in defense plants. "For almost two centuries our country has taken singular pride in the democratic ideals enshrined in its Constitution," said Chief Justice Earl Warren, who delivered the majority opinion. "It would indeed be ironic if, in the name of national defense, we would sanction the subversion of one of those liberties—the freedom of association—which makes the defense of the nation worthwhile."

The court's verdict upheld self-avowed Communist Eugene Frank Robel's right to work as a machinist for Todd Shipyards Corp. An employee of the Seattle shipyard for more than ten years, Robel was indicted in 1962 under the McCarran act when the Defense Department ruled that the firm was a defense industry. A federal district court freed Robel because the indictment failed to accuse him of being an active Communist with the intent to further the party's subversive aims; the Justice Department appealed the case to the high court.

Warren made it clear the court was not advocating that the doors of defense industries be thrown open to subversives. "Nothing we hold today," he said, "should be read to deny Congress the power under narrowly drawn legislation to keep from sensitive positions in defense facilities those who would use their positions to disrupt the nation's production facilities." What the court objected to, he added, was the wording of the McCarran act, which is so vague and broad that it "quite literally establishes guilt by association alone." The Congress undoubtedly will take the hint and pass substitute legislation that will guard against subversives without infringing on their constitutional rights.

THE DRAFT

Anything But Bingo

"With all the hell I get," avers Lieut. General Lewis Blaine Hershey, "I have less power than most anybody else." A lot of draft-age Americans would be happier if that were so. In fact, the crusty Selective Service director in recent weeks has fought the U.S. Justice Department, the White House, and a large segment of Congress, the press, the academic world and the public to a standstill. For a man of 74 who is functionally blind,* Hershey seems as invulnerable as he is intractable.

Draconian Draftsmanship. The *casus belli* was posed by Hershey's celebrated letter of Oct. 26, advising the nation's 4,081 draft boards to induct any draft-deferred protester whose actions were not in the "national interest." The Justice Department, all too aware in 20th century terms of the legal trouble "de-

linquents" and their families could make, held that so clearly punitive a process seemed to be indefensible under the First Amendment. Hershey, however, is a 19th century man, unread in constitutional law but totally committed to what used to be called Americanism.

After a three-week series of negotiating sessions between Hershey and the Justice Department, mediated by the White House, Hershey agreed to exclude "lawful" protesters from his Draconian draftsmanship. Then, though it had been understood that in the interests of discretion no one would publicly elaborate on the compromise, Hershey told newsmen that he had won



GENERAL HERSEY

Invulnerable as he is intractable.

the fight, Justice, undone, now feels it must let the courts decide the legality of Hershey's decision.

Members of Congress immediately joined the fray. Seven liberal Senators from both sides of the aisle introduced a bill that would make it illegal to reclassify anyone as "delinquent" unless he destroyed or turned in his draft card, thus removing the threat to mere demonstrators. House members planned similar bills, including one already offered that would bring Selective Service under White House supervision. None of the measures, of course, can be acted upon until 1968, when the next session of Congress convenes. Eight Representatives, however, signed a statement urging that Hershey himself be drafted into retirement.

Boon for the Buzzards. That, too, is highly unlikely. After 56 years in the Army and a quarter of a century as head of the draft, Hershey is—like FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover—a Washington monument.

One of his most powerful supporters, House Armed Services Committee Chairman L. Mendel Rivers, came out in favor of Hershey's harshness. "When," he asked, "did it become a dis-

* He lost his right eye to a polo mallet at Fort Sill, Okla., in 1926 as a captain; the sight of his left eye failed last year.

service to serve in the armed forces? It's the best thing General Hershey could do for these buzzards."

Even the White House is chary of retiring Hershey: he has too many powerful friends in Congress and the military lobbies, while his public image is precisely that of the draft itself: selfless and patriotic. Moreover, the Indiana-born sheriff's son, who saw his first military action against Pancho Villa in 1916 and retired from the Army in 1946 (but serves at the President's discretion as draft boss), is not about to quit on his own. "Retire? Huh!" he snorted last week. "What do I do? Enjoy myself? What friends I've got left have been retired for years. What the hell do they do? Play bingo five nights a week. Maybe I could stand retirement, but I couldn't stand bingo five nights a week."

DISASTERS

Collapse of the Silver Bridge

To those who suffer from gephyrophobia—fear of bridges—the aluminum-painted, 2,235-ft. span between Kanawha, Ohio, and Point Pleasant, W. Va., was a constant horror. Christened in 1928 as the "Gateway to the South," it swayed sickeningly to every vagrant breeze—so much so that Point Pleasant Mayor D. B. Morgan banned its use during parades. Last week, under the bumper-to-bumper weight of cars, gravel trucks, and semi-trailers, the "Silver Bridge" collapsed, carrying perhaps as many as 100 people to their deaths in the murky, near-freezing Ohio River waters 80 ft. below.

The first break in the bridge's 2-in. by 12-in. I-bar suspension cables apparently came—at ten minutes to 5 p.m.—on the upriver, Ohio side. To Dick Kuhn, 18, a gas-station attendant, it sounded like a shotgun volley: "I thought some nuts were dusting ducks under the bridge." Then the upstream

side of the roadway tilted in surreal slow motion, spilling sparks from a parted power cable into the dusk and an estimated 60 vehicles onto the weed-grown riverbank and into the 6-m.p.h. current beneath. "It looked like a snake wiggling across the water," one witness exclaimed. Said another: "The bridge just keeled over, starting slowly on the Ohio side and then folding like a deck of cards to the West Virginia side."

Floating Cars. Spearlike steel girders cascaded into the shattered trucks and cars, pinning people against the bank and the riverbed. Others drifted free for a few moments. "I saw this car float past," said Christmas-tree Salesman H. L. Whobrey. "It looked like there were people inside beating their hands against the windows."

Two truck drivers managed to escape their sinking vehicles, unable to aid their driving partners asleep in the back. Bill Needham, 27, of Kernersville, N.C., was pushing a tractor-trailer rig to Milwaukee when he hit the water. "I kept my eyes open, but the windows in the cab were rolled up. I began to feel for a handle—I felt and felt, holding my breath, until I noticed a little crack in the window. My partner was in the sleeping berth. He didn't have a chance for survival."

Rivercraft and rescue squads quickly swept the scene for survivors, picking up at least eight, along with five bodies. Divers spotted three more corpses in a car but were unable to recover any of the victims pinned in the submerged scrap heap. It will take weeks of work to cut them all free. Some cars were doubtless swept downstream, and police estimated that it would be a long time—if ever—until a full count could be made of the victims. Meanwhile, Ohio Governor James Rhodes and his West Virginia counterpart, Hulett Carlson Smith, were pressing for an investigation to determine why the Silver Bridge failed.

AGRICULTURE

Plight of Plenty

Despite all-time-record output of wheat, rice, feed grains, soybeans, peanuts, sugar cane, meat, poultry and eggs, America's 3,000,000 farmers will pocket 10% less income this year than in 1966. After six straight years of rising income amid inflation, the slump in prices gives the farmer less net purchasing power than he has enjoyed since mid-Depression 1934. While complaint has always been their bumper crop, U.S. farmers last week threatened to heat their plowshares into swords.

The National Farmers Organization, having staged its own market boycotts, now calls for collective bargaining to raise farm prices, and is getting encouragement from Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman. Charles Shuman of the nation's largest farm group likes the idea too, so long as it is free of Government interference, but this is about his only point of agreement with Freeman. As the American Farm Bureau Federation elected Shuman to his seventh term as president, he called for an end to all federal farm controls. Freeman said that "fang and claw" marketing would "cut farm income a third," but Shuman retorted: "Those who have been predicting that farmers would drown in a sea of surplus with Depression-level prices if farm programs were ended must be embarrassed to discover that this result has been achieved under the Great Society's management programs."

The farmers' problem is their masterful man-hour productivity, a 5.7% annual hike since 1950, vs. industry's 2.6%. Despite a pastiche of Government programs to control production and protect prices, farmers continue to grow more on fewer acres through fertilization, mechanization and technology. Freeman indeed takes part of the blame for this year's bumper crop because he trusted all-but-unanimous warnings of impending poor harvests and drastically increased planting quotas, then watched in dismay as ideal weather brought in history's greatest yields—both of food and discontent.

Harvests of Hope

Americans, watching the spectacle of chronic agricultural overproduction at home, find it hard to believe predictions of a future in which famine stalks a world too populous for the planet to feed. On the contrary, there is evidence that the future may not be so dire. This year's worldwide harvest is the greatest in history for the second straight year. And there are hopeful glimmers from the Rockefeller Foundation's experts that the world is making great strides toward feeding itself.

Mexico in 25 years has gone from importing food to becoming self-sufficient. Indeed, new breeds of Mexican wheat have gone to Turkey for the production of a huge new crop, to India,



REMAINS OF THE "GATEWAY TO THE SOUTH" IN OHIO RIVER
Like a snake wiggling across the water.

whose wheat harvest will leap 25% this year, and to Pakistan. If the winter rains are right, Pakistan will become self-sufficient in wheat next April for the first time. A new U.S. Department of Agriculture "doublecross" hybrid has made Kenya self-sufficient in corn. In Southeast Asia, the newly developed IR-8 rice strain has been tested in Thailand, South Viet Nam, Indonesia, Burma and the Philippines and in some cases increased the annual yield twentyfold. The world's food experts are taking heart, though the sense of urgency remains.

The U.S. continues to feel this urgency deeply because it has been the world's granary under the Food for Peace (now Food for Freedom) law, which since 1954 has exported \$15 billion worth of food. Envisioned as a hybrid of humanitarianism, diplomacy and hard-nosed dumping of surplus crops, the overseas program by 1971 will require payments in dollars rather than soft currencies, and ostensibly will make nations push their own food supply. Meanwhile, laboratories continue to cultivate new ideas. The latest range from weeding row crops with flame throwers and laying asphalt hardpans for instant upland rice paddies all the way to the science-fiction realm: One scheme being seriously examined in pilot plants involves making protein food from oil.

THE ASSASSINATION

The Mystery Makers

John Hanbury Angus Sparrow, a congenital skeptic and distinguished Oxford don whose obiter dicta have embraced such disparate subjects as the Profumo Affair, Lady Chatterley and the plagiarisms of a 17th century Polish poet, last week published his scholar's evaluation of the Warren Commission Report and its critics. A Latinist, an attorney by training and, for the last 15 years, warden of All Souls College—one of the most eminent posts in British academe—wartime Guardsman Sparrow, 61, concluded empirically that the Warren Report on the assassination must stand and that the "demonologists" who so often attack it have, without exception, forfeited serious intellectual consideration.

Sparrow's trenchant verdict on the assassination and the countless conspiracy theories that it engendered was rendered in an 18,000-word article in the London Times *Literary Supplement*. "While the assassination itself has till now remained the focus of attention," he wrote, "future historians are likely to be more interested in its aftermath. As time goes by, it will become increasingly evident that the real mystery concerns not the doings of the protagonists in Dallas during the fatal week, but the subsequent performance of the mystery makers themselves and the success of their campaign. One is tempted to ask the very question that they themselves raise about the murders in Dal-



DALLAS' FAMED GRASSY KNOLL (LEFT) & BOOK DEPOSITORY (BACKGROUND)
Like the Hydra—cut off one head and a flock of others grow.

las: are they to be explained as the result of some complex antecedent combination, or were they the work of obsessed, unbalanced men, each acting independently?"

Sparrow does not believe so, but to his mind, the errors in the critics' reasoning are obvious. He observed that "they put forward good points and had alike, mingle discredited assertions with valid evidence, and make up for weak links in their hypotheses by asseveration and abuse of the Dallas police, the FBI and the commission."

Oswald Alone. Specifically, Sparrow zeroes in on the elaborate theoretical situations the critics have constructed to bolster their contention that the assassination was a consummately scripted plot. One such thesis is that a sniper—not necessarily Lee Harvey Oswald—fired at the President from the Texas School Book Depository at the very moment that one or several other assassins fired from the grassy knoll overlooking the highway.

"While it may seem an extraordinary feat for Oswald to have hit his target in two out of three rapid-fire shots," argues Sparrow, "it is more difficult yet 'to believe that two men more than 100 yards apart and unable to see or communicate with each other, could have synchronized their fire so perfectly. And it is hardest of all to imagine that conspirators would have allowed the success of their plan to depend on such a feat of synchronization.'"

Sparrow also scoffs at the idea that a gunman could have fired from an exposed position and "got clean away in full view of the public." It was Oswald alone, he concludes, who killed the President. As for the demonologists, Sparrow marks them thus:

► **Joachim Joesten** (*Oswald: Assassin or Fall Guy*): "Mr. Joesten's story [that there were two conspiracies, one to kill the President, the other to kill Governor John B. Connally of Texas] is extravagant and incredible, his book a

compound of bad English, bad temper and bad taste."

► **Mark Lane** (*Rush to Judgment*) and **Harold Weisberg** (*Whitewash*): These advocates adopted "a method of controversy that does not expose them to direct refutation: they offer no connected account of what they think occurred. Mr. Weisberg contenting himself with a ceaseless small-fire of rhetorical questions. Mr. Lane with a steady barrage of innuendo."

► **Edward Epstein** (*Inquest*): "Short, clear, extremely well-argued. But his book shows how a clever man can unwittingly allow *parti pris* to vitiate the building up and presentation of a case, so that a chain of reasoning leads to a conclusion that is in fact ill-founded. In short, Mr. Epstein has proved about himself what he sought to prove about the commission."

► **District Attorney Jim Garrison**: "Now what about the 'Jolly Green Giant' of New Orleans? He is a quick-witted, forceful, ambitious man, with an engagingly frank and easy manner, but seriously lacking in judgment."

"How is it then," wonders Sparrow, "that people have fallen for the demonologists? The story proves, and has proved twice over, the truth of the old adage—*populus vult decipi*: the public is very ready to be deceived." One reason, of course, is that "misrepresentation is too often like the Hydra. Cut off one of its heads and a score of others take its place."

In consequence, Warden Sparrow believes the U.S. will long be besmirched by a "stain deeper than the crime itself; that left by the appetite that could swallow scurrilities like *MacBird!* (for which Mr. Robert Lowell claims 'a kind of genius'), by the gullibility of the American public, and by the recklessness with which that gullibility has been exploited, under a law that allows almost unlimited calumny of public officials, at whatever cost to the reputation of the innocent."

WHAT NEGOTIATIONS IN VIET NAM MIGHT MEAN

ALMOST from the moment that it started bombing targets in the North, the U.S. has repeatedly stated its willingness to negotiate peace in Viet Nam—any time, anywhere. But so far, the possible terms for a settlement have been discussed in only the most general way. President Johnson has said that South Viet Nam should be guaranteed peace, independence and democracy—the same conditions that the Viet Cong tirelessly call for. Senator William Fulbright speaks of neutralization and mutual withdrawal by U.S. and North Vietnamese forces. Senator Eugene McCarthy speaks rather broadly of withdrawing to strongpoints, reducing military operations and trying to negotiate. Such veteran cold warriors as Henry Cabot Lodge and Dean Acheson, arguing that the only riskless settlement is victory on the battlefield, contend that the U.S. should not seek negotiations but do more to win the war.

The apparent main concern inside the U.S. Government—at the White House, the State Department and the Pentagon—continues to be prosecution of the war rather than formulation of terms for peace. As far as public priorities are concerned, this is logical enough: what private thoughts the Administration has about a settlement should remain private until they can be used for practical effect. But since the war quite possibly will end by negotiation, the U.S. had better have clearly in mind the maximum goals that it aims for and the minimum terms it will settle for.

The question of terms has lately achieved a new importance. The Viet Cong, speaking through Russian and Rumanian diplomats, have communicated to the West what seem to be hints that they might be willing to negotiate. Captured Communist documents in Viet Nam tend to suggest the same possibility. Negotiations usually start when one side demonstrates clear military or political superiority and the other side seeks to protect what it still has. The Communists are hurting badly in the field and at home. They are losing more than four men for every one lost by the allies—in some recent actions the ratio is more than ten to one—and they are expending troops so extravagantly as to suggest an element of desperation.

This does not necessarily mean that negotiations will come soon, or that the shooting will stop as soon as talks start. In the Korean War, the fighting continued while truce talks dragged on for two years at Panmunjom, and the U.S. suffered 62,200 casualties during the negotiations. In Viet Nam, there are four primary belligerents, and nobody can agree on who will talk about what to whom. The Viet Cong rebels say that they will talk only directly to the U.S.; the South Vietnamese leaders say that they will talk only to Ho Chi Minh; and Ho—unlike the Viet Cong—apparently will talk to nobody. But in war, negotiations sometimes come when least expected, just after one side or the other swears that it will never countenance them. When that time comes in Viet Nam, its resilient Communists will characteristically try to twist Clausewitz and turn diplomacy into war by other means.

Maximum Goals & Minimum Compromises

It must be assumed that any U.S. approach to negotiations would begin with the premise that this is a war not so much about South Viet Nam as it is about all of Asia. The basic U.S. goal—which is imperfectly understood because it has been ineptly explained—is to contain Communism and in the process prove to aggressors from Peking to Havana that so-called wars of liberation will not be allowed to succeed. With that in mind, the maximum immediate U.S. goal is to suppress the Viet Cong rebellion, push out the North Vietnamese invaders, preserve South Viet Nam's non-Communist status—and win solid guarantees that the situation will stay stable. The maximum Communist goal, of

course, is just the opposite: throw out the Americans, depose the Thieu-Ky government, and establish a regime controlled by the Viet Cong. The V.C. would then unify with the North and support—at least in principle—Communist-fueled wars of liberation elsewhere in the world.

Beneath the rhetoric, there is understandably some give in both positions.

The U.S. now can think in terms short of total victory for three main reasons. First, the war has proved to be costlier in lives, treasure and international prestige than the U.S. anticipated when it began fighting in earnest almost three years ago. Second, while the primary goal has been elusive, the U.S. has accomplished some of its lesser objectives in Viet Nam. Its intervention has bought time—time for such nations as Thailand, Malaysia and Indonesia to reinforce their own political, economic and military defenses against subversion. And it has helped the process of nation-building in a truncated chunk of a former French colony; for all its political deficiencies, South Viet Nam is at least starting toward democracy. Third, and perhaps most important, the U.S. became involved in Viet Nam at least partly because of a desire to contain Chinese expansionism; in the past two years, China's internal upheavals have made it far less threatening.

Considering these factors, what could the U.S. settle for now? Instead of aiming for firm guarantees that South Viet Nam will be forever free of aggression from within and without, the U.S. might honorably accept an arrangement that would give the country a reasonable chance of success. In broad terms, it might consider a peace that would arrest Communism instead of smashing it.

Evacuation & Inspection

The Communists have scaled down their goals. Shortly after the U.S. air raids began in early 1965, North Viet Nam stopped demanding "immediate reunification" and "immediate departure of U.S. troops." In messages to their cadres, the Viet Cong now say that they may agree to the setting up of a coalition government in the South while U.S. troops remain on the scene. This might serve as a basis for negotiations, but from the U.S. viewpoint, there is a major sticking point. The Communists have never retreated from that part of their maximum demand which insists that the affairs of South Viet Nam must be directed "in accordance with the program of the National Liberation Front"—meaning control by the Viet Cong.

In any negotiations, the key issue is likely to be the future political role of the Viet Cong. They are certain to demand several Cabinet seats, and there are those who feel that the U.S. must be just as certain to refuse. "If you give the Viet Cong the Interior Ministry," says one senior U.S. diplomat, "that means you lose. If you give them anything less, it's meaningless." But the U.S. is willing to see the Viet Cong get some political representation. The State Department has indicated as much. The V.C. certainly might be recognized as a political party, and it is not entirely out of the question that they might be permitted to administer the hamlets that they now control, which, by the government's probably optimistic estimate, contain only 17% of the population. In that kind of arrangement, the Thieu-Ky administration would keep hold of the central government, all the cities, and those rural areas that it controls.

Not surprisingly, the Thieu-Ky forces bitterly oppose any such plan. But Communist cadres have been working hard on their villages for years and, although under increasing military pressure, their political infrastructure remains essentially intact. For the central government, the problem is not merely rooting out that infrastructure, but also creating an effective anti-Communist substitute. This the government has

been unable to do, partly because the Viet Cong have so coolly assassinated practically every mayor, doctor, teacher or engineer who opposed them in areas that they dominate.

One basis for compromise might be that the Viet Cong would lay down their arms and agree to stop their violence in return for political rights—much as the French Communists did in a deal with De Gaulle in 1945. Then, in the next South Vietnamese election in 1970, the Viet Cong could put up candidates for office, along with the non-Communist parties. There is some doubt that many Reds would want to run for office in government-controlled areas—city people tend to equate the Viet Cong with assassins, and quite a few have old scores to settle. Though the Viet Cong are a powerful political force in some parts of the country, South Viet Nam stands a good chance of voting a non-Communist majority because of its sociological complexity—a characteristic that, ironically, has discouraged and dismayed many Americans. The people are fragmented into a multiplicity of racial, regional, religious and political groups and sects. It is quite possible that in most election districts, the candidate of the dominant group—Buddhist or Catholic, Cao Dai or Hoa Hao, Southern native or Northern refugee—would beat the Communist.

A deal for the Communists to control some districts and compete in others would work only if the North Viet-Namense troops left the country. A massive stumbling block here is that nobody can conceive of an effective means to guarantee that the Northerners get out and stay out, or that the Viet Cong really halt their terror. That job is supposed to be done now by the three-nation International Control Commission (Canada, India, Poland), a leftover from the Geneva Conference of 1954. But the commission lacks the manpower, vehicles and—on the part of its Polish and Indian members—the will to do the task. Any future system of inspections and guarantees would have to involve many more nations, many more troops, trucks and planes, and a system of sanctions. Even with that, it would depend on a shaky combination of mutual good will and mutual blackmail between both sides in Viet Nam—and would remain a major problem.

The only real way to guarantee a peace acceptable from the U.S. point of view is the presence of some American troops for at least several years. Lately, the Communists have been fuzzing their old demand that the U.S. has to remove all its troops and dismantle its military alliance with South Viet Nam before any peace treaty is signed. At the Manila Conference of 1966, President Johnson pledged to withdraw U.S. troops within six months if "the other side withdraws its forces to the North, ceases infiltration and the level of violence thus subsides." The last phrase is enough of a hedge to provide quite a bit of leeway. The U.S. still has 50,000 troops in Korea, and is likely to keep at least twice as many in South Viet Nam for two to ten years.

Opportunity for Initiative

As for the issue of reunification, it is becoming less emotional and more negotiable than before: North Viet Nam still views it as a means to take over the less populous South (17 million people, v. 19 million in the North). But the Viet Cong seem less than eager to be swallowed by the North. Through their representatives in Paris, Algiers, Bratislava and even Hanoi, the V.C. have announced that reunification should take place step by step, over a period of five to 20 years. All this pleases Viet Nam's smaller, frightened neighbors, some of whom use the same maxim that Britons apply to Germany: they love the country so much that they like to see two of them. Of course the U.S. is in no hurry for reunification. The Viet Cong's de-emphasis of the question may be a political ploy, but the fact is that the V.C. are more moderate than Hanoi on many issues. While some Western experts feel that the differences between the two Communist factions are superficial, a growing number suspect that the split is basic and widening.

If a real or potential split exists, there is opportunity for U.S. diplomatic initiative to exploit it. Vietnamese history is a long chronicle of conflict between the intense, driving

Northerners and the pliable, easygoing Southerners. There are signs that the Viet Cong have become resentful that North Viet Nam took over direction of the war, and they do not relish being the horses for Hanoi's knights. The essential difference is that Hanoi still hopes to outlast the U.S. on the battlefield, but the Viet Cong seem somewhat more amenable to compromise and coalition. A most realistic prospect would be for Washington to encourage appeals to the regional patriotism of the Viet Cong, aiming for them to negotiate a separate peace.

The U.S. embassy in Saigon now believes that the best way out of the war would be through direct negotiations between the South Vietnamese government and the Viet Cong. Ambassador Ellsworth Bunker has been quietly promoting the idea, but President Thieu resists; arguing that his own generals would get up in arms against him if he were to dare recognize the Viet Cong. Thieu last week was drafting a letter to Ho, proposing to meet him face to face. In the unlikely event that Ho accepts, Thieu will ask the U.S. to stop bombing for seven days and to continue the pause even longer if Ho shows intentions of making the conversations fruitful.

Such allies as Thailand and South Korea are much more hawkish than the U.S. State Department and do not want to negotiate. Along with many Americans, they believe that when enough military might is applied, the Communists will realize that they are whipped and will "fade" back into the jungle. Then the enemy would be unable to demand votes, unification or anything else. A frustrating fact about this otherwise desirable concept is that U.S. generals have been expecting the Communists to fade for at least two years and, though they are plainly sweating hard, they so far have shown no symptoms of evaporation. By its official plan, North Viet Nam figures to wear down the U.S. resolve by the early 1970s. Though the U.S. is winning the clear-cut battles, the Communists still may not be convinced that they are losing the war.

For an Acceptable End

Diplomatic compromise is not as satisfying as military victory, but—with all its obvious risks—negotiation could lead to an acceptable end to the war. At a dozen flash points in two decades of cold war, non-Communists and Communists have managed to work out some let-live arrangements. Analogies are dubious because the Vietnamese situation is different from all others; for example, the South Koreans did not have to contend with an internal rebellion, and the Malayan Communists hatched their own revolt. Even so, recent history has some worthwhile lessons for Viet Nam. Giving political rights to large Communist parties—as France and Italy did after World War II—does not necessarily subvert democracy. In Laos, the U.S. and other nations agreed with the Communists in 1962 to set up a left-right-center coalition government and, much to everyone's surprise, that tenuous troika is still rattling along.

By keeping up the military pressure during the negotiations, the U.S. could probably help speed them. Together with its allies, the U.S. might reasonably negotiate for a series of compromises: a cease-fire policed by a greatly expanded International Control Commission; a withdrawal of North Vietnamese troops in return for the recognition of the Viet Cong as a political party; the guarantee of South Viet Nam as an independent country for five or more years, during which time the U.S. would be permitted to keep troops in the country—much fewer than at present, but still a substantial force.

Helped by considerable U.S. economic, educational and medical aid, the South Vietnamese government could go about the job of nation-building, peacefully trying to woo the man in the paddy away from the Viet Cong. The U.S.—as President Johnson has suggested—might even make considerable contribution to the rebuilding of North Viet Nam's economy. Many years from now, the combined effort might result in development of either a permanently independent South Viet Nam or a unified Viet Nam with a non-Communist majority.

THE WORLD

GREECE

The Coup That Collapsed

To the astonishment of a handful of passengers waiting at Rome's Ciampino Airport at 4 a.m., squads of Italian police suddenly materialized and took up positions around the field. Moments later, a white turboprop jet taxied to a stop on the apron. In the plane's doorway appeared a young man in the red-trimmed uniform of a field marshal. Limping slightly from fatigue, his face ashen and heavily bearded, King Constantine of Greece, 27, walked down a ramp onto Italian soil. Behind him, glum and red-eyed, came his Danish wife, Queen Anne-Marie, 25, her mink coat still smelling of the mothballs from which she had hastily removed it. With them were their two infant children, Queen Mother Frederika, the King's 25-year-old sister Irene, and several loyal followers.

Thus last week, after an abortive royal counter-coup that may go down as one of the most inept conspiracies in history, the King of the Hellenes fled his country, leaving in control more firmly than ever the military junta that had seized power last April in a lightning coup. Even if the King or one of his family should be enticed back to Greece by the junta, which seems to feel that it needs the royal family for constitutional window dressing, Greece's 134-year-old monarchy had suffered a setback that deprived it of what little power and prestige it had.

Time to Act. The King had chafed for months under Greece's military rulers, led by Colonel George Papadopoulos. He had originally gone along with the coup in hopes that he could exercise a moderating influence on the zealous colonels. But his advice was largely ignored as the junta enacted scores of restrictive laws, banned miniskirts and beauniks' beards, clamped an iron censorship on the press, and sent hundreds of Greeks to prison on such charges as "speaking ill of the authorities" and playing the music of outlawed leftist composers. Constantine waited, hoping for the proper moment to spring a counter-coup that would oust the junta and re-establish parliamentary rule in Greece.

For the young King, that moment seemed to have arrived last week. As he saw it, the junta had lost face in Greece by bowing to Turkish demands to pull out 8,000 Greek troops from Cyprus—though its willingness to compromise had undoubtedly prevented a war and an irreparable rupture in NATO. From his self-imposed exile in Paris, former Premier Constantine Karamanlis had heated up the political climate by calling on the junta to step down. Politicians on both the right and left sent the King secret assurances of their support, should he make a move. His ad-



CONSTANTINE & FAMILY ARRIVING IN ROME

The call became a comedy.

vices, mostly retired generals, assured him that the military would obey his commands. Furthermore, Constantine sensed a growing threat to what was left of his royal power. He may also have feared that the new constitution that was being prepared under junta guidance would strip the crown of the power of appointing and dismissing Premiers, the King's most potent prerogative.

Yet Constantine's coup turned out to



IERONYMOS GOING TO SEE KING

Lofty influence on the lad.

be little short of a comedy of errors. A few days before his target date, he ordered Olympic Airways to place two planes at his disposal—a tip-off to the junta's ubiquitous secret police that the King had some travel in mind. His method of heralding the coup was even less auspicious: he simply sat down at his palace desk in the Athens suburb of Tatoi and wrote a letter to Lieut. General Odysseus Anghelis, the army chief of staff and a junta supporter. In it, the King told the general that he had taken full charge of the government and armed forces, and warned him not to take orders from anyone else.

While a messenger was dispatched with the letter, the King huddled his royal clan, along with Premier Constantine Kollis and the commander of the air force, aboard the two planes at Tatoi airbase and took off for the north of Greece, where the bulk of Greece's 118,000-man army is concentrated along the Turkish border. Constantine's plan, such as it was, called for assuming command of those troops and making a triumphant march southward that would scare the junta into quiting.

Triumphal Reception. At first it seemed as if his plan might succeed. As his plane landed at the seaport town of Kavalla, 200 miles north of Athens, royalist army officers greeted him and put him aboard a helicopter for a flight to the town square, which was filled with a cheering crowd. Some men lifted the King to their shoulders and carried him in triumph to the town hall, where he spoke to the crowd from a balcony. Cupping his hands like a megaphone, he shouted, "United we shall win! United we shall win!" Then, accompanied by two tanks that rumbled along as a guard of honor, Constantine went to a local radio station and recorded a 15-minute speech. Royalist pilots flew the tape south to Larissa, a town in central Greece that had the only available transmitter.

"Greeks," the recorded speech said, "the moment has come for you to hear the voice of your King. Today I put an end to anarchy and violence. I ask the Greek people to assist me in re-establishing the moral values that were born in this land. The change that takes place today will not allow the prevalence of a spirit of revenge against those who committed errors. But I wish to make it clear to all that I will no longer tolerate any disobedience, which will be stamped out mercilessly."

It was a fairly stirring call to arms. Unfortunately, few Greeks heard it. Constantine had lacked the foresight—or the troops—to seize control of a regular radio station, and his message went out only on a weak short-wave station that was almost inaudible in Athens.

Tipped off about the coup by the King's letter to General Anghelis, the junta reacted swiftly, with military pre-

cision. Shoppers in Athens were startled to see armored personnel carriers take up positions around government buildings. Troops appeared on rooftops. Other military units set up a defense line north of Athens in case the King marched south. All telephone and telegraph circuits to the north were cut off. Athens remained totally quiet, and there was no report of any uprising anywhere in the south on behalf of the King. The junta radio boomed out messages for calm and claims that the situation was well in hand.

Bad News. Its claims were ridiculed by the small group around Constantine in the north. In Kavalla, Queen Anne-Marie and Queen Mother Frederika kissed the King goodbye and waved him off as he climbed aboard a helicopter for a short flight to the town of Alexandropolis to stir up more support. He returned in midafternoon and took off almost immediately for Salonica, where handbills proclaiming his coup had been dropped from air force planes. While he was in the air, he received the news that Salonica was under junta control. As he turned back to Kavalla, he faced a shattering situation. In its months in power, the junta had carefully placed junior officers loyal to it on all general staffs, just in case their commanding officers should prove too royalist. Now a young major named Nicholas Petanis had raced from a base on the Greco-Turkish border to Kavalla and brought a column of tanks with him. He and other junior officers loyal to the junta arrested the three generals who were the King's chief supporters. That ended Constantine's coup. The major gave the King a choice: return to Athens or flee.

"My strength is the love of the people," is the motto of the Glücksburg dynasty from which Constantine springs. No Greek king should take it too seriously. The army is the royal source of strength in Greece. Constantine had on his side some of the generals who had won their stars by royal favor, but he underestimated the degree to which the junta had won the junior officers over to its side. Constantine also miscalculated his own popularity among the people. Danes, not Greeks, the royal family draws a \$566,000 annual income in a land that, despite recent economic progress, remains one of Europe's poorest. The royal way of life—a swirl of parties and yachting with Athens' small Establishment of ship-owners and industrialists—is a source of resentment to the average Greek. Most resented is Queen Mother Frederika, who is regarded by most Greeks as an incurable meddler in the country's politics. Since the April coup, Greeks had rallied to Constantine main-

ly because the crown was the one legal institution that the junta had not destroyed; Greek politicians looked to Constantine to steer the country back to representative government. But he did not command the love or devotion that makes men willing to die for a king.

After reaching Rome, the King spent the day at the Greek embassy, then moved his family into the nearby villa of his cousin, Prince Henry of Hesse. While the royal ladies called in Rome Designer Federico Fourquet and ordered warmer clothes for the colder climate, King Constantine got on with what his father, Paul, once called the business of kingship. He refused to make any public statement, explained to friends that he was still "working to

had taken over as Premier, insisted that the King had been misled. Had he known what the King was up to? Replied Papadopoulos: "Had I known, I personally—and the others—would have tried to enlighten him and not let him go astray." Papadopoulos refused to speculate about the King's motivation. Said he: "If there were in this world a way to interpret illogicality by logic, I would have an answer."

The junta insisted that it would retain the monarchy and appointed as temporary regent Lieut. General George Zoetakis, who was sworn in by Archbishop Ieronymos, formerly the chaplain of the royal family and the King's personal confessor. Pictures of the King and Queen, which had been taken down from government offices in the first hours of the counter-coup, were put back in their accustomed places. Orthodox priests were ordered to retain the passages about the King and royal family in their Sunday prayers.

Diplomatic Snub. In fact, the junta at week's end openly declared that it would welcome the King's return. Explained Brigadier Stylianos Pattakos: "The King left on his own, and he may return on his own." The junta was not, of course, acting out of affection for the young monarch. Because Constantine is Greece's head of state and recognized as such by all other nations, his departure stripped the regime of its cherished veneer of legitimacy. Not one single foreign country offered to recognize the new regime, and in a calculated diplomatic snub, the ambassadors of Britain, France, Italy, West Germany and the U.S. even refused to heed a summons from Papadopoulos to drop by for a briefing. A lack of recognition would mean a cutoff in aid programs, a disruption of trade, and a general discomfiture for the sensitive colonels, who badly want to be accepted by the Western nations.

The junta's civilian Foreign Minister Panayotis Pipinelis stopped over in Rome on his return from the NATO meeting in Brussels to talk with the King. Not ignoring more lofty influences, the junta sent Archbishop Ieronymos to reason with Constantine. There was some speculation that the King's sister, Princess Irene, might go back as a royal stand-in. But the King so far seemed disinclined to return, fearing that his position would be reduced still further to that of a mere figure-head. Even so, having failed in his open revolt against the junta, the King could yet decide that, by returning, he might once again stand before his people as an advocate of constitutional rule—a role that would be difficult to assume in exile.



PATTAKOS, ZOETAKIS & PAPADOPOULOS IN ATHENS

Seeking to replace the veneer.

save my country." He made it plain that he would not under any circumstance abdicate, and that he as King still represented Greece's only legitimate government. He met with U.S. Ambassador to Italy G. Frederick Reinhardt and urged that, to give him leverage, the U.S. withhold its recognition from the junta government. He reportedly telephoned Karamanlis in Paris, and members of the King's small entourage conferred with representatives of George Papandreou's Center Union Party about the possibility of setting up a government in exile.

In the wake of the coup, which had been suppressed without bloodshed, the junta arrested a score of leading politicians who were suspected of conspiring with the King, put old George Papandreou back under house arrest, and seized several of the King's staff members. But toward the King himself the junta acted with restraint. At a press conference, Colonel Papadopoulos, who

CHINA

Trouble in All Directions

As usual, the accounts were sketchy, sometimes contradictory, and—as in the reports of pitched battles between forces totaling 50,000 men around Chungking—often exaggerated. But their message was clear. After a brief respite of army-imposed order, violence and civil strife are again spreading across China.

To judge by the official government press, all but nine of the country's 26 provinces and regions are beset by some degree of unrest. Peking has officially described the province of Kirin in Manchuria as "very disturbed" and warned the citizens of far northern Heilongjiang, which is rich in both industry and agriculture, that "bad elements are

are under open attack. In Shantung, according to Peking radio, "people claiming to be revolutionaries" are stirring up "trouble in all directions."

Army Slipping. The violence has not yet approached the massive defiance and anarchy of the summer and early fall, when Mao, on a tour of the provinces, was reportedly shocked into the admission that "some people say this is not a civil war, but I say it is." Still, there are new dimensions in the current strife that make it potentially even more dangerous than the old. The battles are no longer being fought just in the cities, but throughout the countryside as well. Nor is the fighting any longer confined to the ideological rivalry between pro-Mao and anti-Mao forces. It has degenerated into a sort



RED TROOPS MARCHING OUT TO HELP WITH THE HARVEST
Now a blood feud, curdled by past atrocities.

trying to sabotage the people's dictatorship and spread lies and rumors." In Inner Mongolia, counter-revolutionary bands have sprung up, murdering, sabotaging government installations and passing out anti-Mao leaflets. Mao Tse-tung's men charge that in far-off Sinkiang, where Army Strongman Wang En-mao has never paid much heed to Peking, "Soviet, Indian and Mongolian agents have united with local traitors and nationalist elements" to stir dissent and create disturbances.

In the south, major fighting has been reported in Szechwan, Honan and Kwangsi provinces, and travelers returning from the Canton Trade Fair—which ended last week—say that there is fear of an invasion of the city by armies of dissident Red Guards. In Fokien, where there has been trouble in the past, five Peking officials sent to investigate new violence were kidnapped by local Red Guards. Newspapers in Anhwei report that Central Committee directives are being denied and that Mao supporters

of blood feud, curdled by the atrocities committed by each side against the other, motivated by revenge and the determination to seize—or retain—power for its own sake. The erstwhile Cultural Revolution that started it all has splintered into literally thousands of factions, each with militant followers, many equipped with heavy weapons raided from local military armories.

No less ominous, the hopes have been shattered that Mao's 2,700,000-man army can restore order at will. The peace imposed by the army lasted only through the harvest season—a time in China when all energies, including those of the army, must be devoted to bringing in the crops that will feed the country through the winter. The harvest is now over, and the army's control appears to be slipping as violence spreads. Despite its enormous manpower resources, the army simply does not have enough men to contain strife across a land of 750 million people and 3,800,000 square miles.

COMMON MARKET

Britain's Sad Plight

Most Common Market decisions are the product of purposeful near collision: a game of diplomatic chicken in which the antagonists wait until the last possible moment to veer off into compromise. Not surprisingly, Europe resounded last week with cries of crisis as the foreign ministers of the Six prepared to meet in Brussels this week to deal with Britain's second application for Common Market membership.

Common Market Commission President Jean Rey warned that failure by the Six to agree to negotiate with Britain would produce a "grave crisis" and be "a frightful political blunder." Returning from a London visit with Prime Minister Harold Wilson, Rey reported that Britain wanted no part of a lesser association with the E.C. or any other arrangement short of full membership. West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt, also back from a visit to Britain, told the Bundestag that "a negative decision would mean stagnation."

Friendly Five. To avoid a head-on collision with France, the ministers of the "friendly Five" worked out a compromise formula that is not likely to satisfy anyone completely but may cool matters. The formula agrees that Britain should be given a definite answer to its application by the Six this week, just as London demands. But it further provides that if France's intransigence prevents a unanimous reply, as seems certain, the whole matter will be put off and discussed later.

Such a deferral would only add to Wilson's woes, since Britain's domestic support for Common Market entry is eroding. Once 62% of the British people favored Common Market membership, but the latest national opinion poll indicates that only 39% now do. And everywhere Wilson looked last week, he saw trouble. Though the devaluation of the pound came on Nov. 18, the Board of Trade reported that Britain's November trade deficit was the worst in history: \$530 million. The bad news dropped the minipound last week to the lowest level of its short life—\$2.4005—and sparked a fresh round of gold buying on the London market and new speculation against sterling. It was small satisfaction that the French, who have done their share of speculating against the pound in Britain's recent troubles, suddenly found themselves tarred by the same brush: rumors of a devaluation of the franc plummeted France's coin of the realm 21 fractional points in a day, to 20.20c.

A Coalition of Ideas. For Britain, things do not promise to improve any time soon. The National Institute of Economic and Social Research estimates that at best the effects of devaluation will improve Britain's balance of payments by only \$156 million in 1968; not until late in 1969 can it expect to turn smartly into the black. Meantime,

domestic food prices have risen 3.8% since devaluation and will rise 5% to 15% after the first of the year. The powerful Trades Union Council still insists that it will seek a wage rise of an average \$1.68 a week to take effect next June, which could endanger the advantages of devaluation by increasing the costs and prices of British exports.

As it is, British exporters have so far responded disappointingly to the opportunities that devaluation affords for selling more cheaply abroad. Many, in fact, have actually raised their prices. Scotch distillers pumped prices up 11.5%, dye sellers 16.7%. Even when letting their prices fall with the pound, some exporters have stopped short of full value, gauging what the traffic will bear. MG-maker British Motors, for example, reduced prices 12% in Europe, but only 3% in the U.S.

Britain's economic plight and its failure to make any headway with the Common Market constituted such a mess, said maverick right-wing Tory Duncan Sandys, that the country needed "a coalition of ideas" of both parties—an oblique appeal for a national government, as in World War II. The idea got few takers. Despite the hard knocks he has received lately, Harold Wilson is not yet ready to admit defeat. As for the Tories, they are not that eager to help bail Wilson out of the mess.

NATO

Looking Southward

NATO has spent most of its 18 years worrying about the possibility of an attack across its central front by the 89 Communist divisions poised in Eastern Europe. Last week, at the first meeting at NATO's new Brussels headquarters, the defense ministers of the 14 military allies had a new concern: the sudden Soviet buildup in the Mediterranean, on NATO's southern flank.

Last January no more than a dozen Soviet warships sailed upon what has been for years the NATO domain of the 50-ship U.S. Sixth Fleet. Now 45 to 55 Soviet ships, including missile-firing destroyers, plus a dozen submarines, patrol the Mediterranean. The Russians supply their ships at sea, sometimes drop into Alexandria, Port Said and the Syrian port of Latakia for repairs under the pretext of good-will visits. They also visit the French-built base at Mers-el-Kebir on the Algerian coast, which they would like to use as a permanent base when the last remnants of the French navy pull out next year. Sometimes the Soviet ships come so close to U.S. vessels that the Americans must take evasive action.

U.S.S.R. Marines. Many NATO experts fear that the Soviet Union is developing new military muscle for use in limited wars. The Russians are now testing their first aircraft carrier in the Black Sea; another carrier is under construction. Both ships are designed to



SOVIET DESTROYER PASSING U.S.S. "FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT" IN MEDITERRANEAN
Also red berets, black berets and carriers of their own.

carry helicopters and serve as offshore bases for mobile invasion forces. The Russians are also building the world's largest troop-lifting helicopter, which can carry 200 men, and the biggest air transport, the Antonov 22, which accommodates 500 troops in battle dress. In addition, they now have 50,000 airborne "red berets," patterned after U.S. Green Berets, and 6,000 black-bereted "naval infantry," the Soviet equivalent of the U.S. Marines. All of this represents not only a major departure in Russian strategy but also a grim warning that brush fires the world over may draw the U.S., and in some cases may draw NATO allies, into sudden confrontation with the Soviet Union.

The defense chiefs in Brussels authorized the creation of a flotilla of destroyers that will be on constant call to speed to any crisis in the Atlantic area. And the ministers finally laid to rest the old doctrine of immediate massive nuclear retaliation in case of a Soviet ground attack. They officially adopted a strategy that has actually been the policy of NATO field commanders since it was first propounded in 1962 by Defense Secretary Robert

McNamara. Under it, NATO will counter any Soviet attack with a three-phase graduated response that will begin with conventional weapons, step up to limited-range battlefield nuclear missiles, and progress to all-out H-bomb attack on the Soviet Union only if the Russians refuse to withdraw.

Goodbye, France. NATO's foreign ministers also added to the alliance's traditional defense missions a new diplomatic dimension. Acting on the recommendation of Belgian Foreign Minister Pierre Harmel, the ministers voted to use NATO's consultative machinery to coordinate Western contacts with the Eastern bloc. In this way, the ministers hope that their countries can use trade and cultural exchange with the East as leverage to work for mutual troop reduction.

Even though President de Gaulle withdrew his forces from the alliance's military setup, France is still a member of NATO. But it is beginning to show its lack of interest even on the political level. Foreign Minister Couve de Murville sat in the political meetings and studiously read *Le Monde*. The French Foreign Minister's cool disdain for the



proceedings was regarded by other ministers as a sign that France will exercise the option that becomes operative under the NATO charter in 1969 and withdraw from the organization entirely. De Gaulle reckons that since the U.S. will defend Europe anyway, France may as well enjoy the benefits of the alliance without having to bear any of the responsibilities.

COMMUNISTS

Sickles in the Sky

The Soviet Union long dismissed reports of unidentified flying objects as mere flights of Western fancy, and the party newspaper Pravda on one occasion derided them as "fairy tales." Pravda will have to change its mind: the Kremlin itself has now decided to keep a closer eye out for flying saucers. After a flurry of UFO sightings in recent weeks, many of them by presumably reliable Aeroflot and military pilots, the Soviet Union has named a team of 18 scientists and air force officers, backed by 1,000 field observers, to study the phenomenon in the Red skies.

Appropriately enough, the Communist UFOs tend to sickle shapes rather than full saucers. Moscow Aviation Institute's Professor Fedor Y. Zigel, who is plugging for a joint UFO investigation by Soviet, U.S. and other scientists, says that one flaming "sickle" over the Ukraine even executed evasive maneuvers when tracked by a plane. Zigel tantalized Moscow TV viewers two weeks ago by raising the possibility that, while such observations could be due to optical illusions or mischievous atmospheres, they might also mean visitors from another world.

Once their existence was officially acknowledged by Moscow, UFOs began popping up all over the East bloc. The Bulgarians have reported "a huge, shining body" over Sofia, the Czechs have seen flat, multicolored disks spinning over Bratislava, and Poland's Institute of Hydrology and Meteorology has ordered a watch on all "mysterious space vehicles." UFOs have been particularly ubiquitous in Yugoslavia, whose press has gleefully recounted a Montenegrin shepherd's report of a whistling, skyscraper-high UFO, told of UFOs streaking over the Istrian port of Koper, and detailed Truck Driver Milika Sepanovic's brush with two saucers on the Kovina-Ivragrad road last week.

As in the West, there are skeptics. Some Soviet scientists consider Professor Zigel to be something of a showman. Yugoslav Astronomer Tatomir Anzelic, in a revealing comment about contemporary Eastern European life, says: "So many people are taking drugs, it's no wonder they are prepared to believe that the Martians are coming." The Poles, who have had an abundance of UFOs but a shortage of meat, are whimsical; they are saying that it is really too bad that the flying platters are as empty as those on earth.

ISRAEL

Coming Together

Israel prides itself on being a socialist democracy in which labor is supreme. Of course, there can be too much of a good thing. For the past two years, no fewer than four separate labor parties have played leading roles in Israel's convoluted political life. The most important is Premier Levi Eshkol's Mapai, whose power stems directly from Histadrut, the all-encompassing state labor union. Then there are Achdut Ha'avodah, a Histadrut splinter party led by Labor Minister Yigal Alon, and Mapam, which leans far to the left. Finally, there is the Rafi party of former Premier David Ben-Gurion and Defense Minister Moshe Dayan, which broke away from the Mapai two



DAYAN
How to crash a party.

years ago after a feud with Eshkol.

Even in Israel, such an improbable segmentation could not continue forever. Ever since the June war, all four parties have felt obliged to support Eshkol, a fact that was bound to make Israelis wonder whether all four were really necessary. Last month, Alon led his Achdut Ha'avodah into a formal merger with Mapai, hoping thereby to become the government candidate to succeed Eshkol, who tends to favor Alon's ambition. Last week the Rafi followed suit. Over the objections of Ben-Gurion—who still refuses to be associated with Eshkol "on personal and moral grounds"—a Rafi convention voted reluctantly to rejoin Mapai. The man behind the move was Dayan, whose one-eyed glamour and tooth-for-a-tooth toughness have made him the politician most likely to succeed at the polls—but without the support of Eshkol, who

has always resented his dissident support of Ben-Gurion. That left only the leftist Mapam party out of the grand labor reunion. Eshkol has already started conversations to see what can be done about that.

PORTUGAL

Affairs of State

Scandals have been almost as scarce as effective political opponents during the long dictatorship of Portugal's Premier, Dr. António de Oliveira Salazar. Though the Portuguese themselves are neither particularly prudish nor incorruptible, Salazar's puritanical regime, with the help of a highly efficient police organization, has always tried to silence even the faintest whisper of vice in high places. Last week, however, Salazar's regime failed in its efforts to squelch the worst public scandal in its 40 years of rule.

The scandal involves a high-society prostitution ring that catered to the top echelon of Lisbon's social, business and political set. Operating almost under Salazar's nose, the girls worked out of a seemingly innocent dress shop on Lisbon's chic Avenida Roma. Many of them were teen-agers and even younger, and, according to Portuguese officials, they performed for their clients most of the tricks and perversions known to pornography literature.

Breach of Decency. Police had their suspicions about the shop all along, but were unaware of the full nature of the ring or its clients until a frightened 16-year-old prostitute who was arrested provided them with a list of 30 names. Some of the men were then charged with such offenses as pimping, corruption of minors and breach of decency. The list included three counts, a marquis, the son of an ex-king, a hotel owner, a prominent businessman and a former diplomat to the United Nations. The ring's two madams were immediately convicted and sentenced, but the government hesitated in pressing the cases against the men.

With the prosecution thus stalled, the political implications became more apparent. Justice Minister João de Matos Antunes Varela, who has often been spoken of as a possible Salazar successor, left his post amid rumors that he had balked at Salazar's orders to halt the proceedings against the high-level defendants. Though none of Salazar's ministers has so far been identified as a patron of the ring, the scandal has given a highly charged issue to what antigovernment forces there are. Dr. Mario Soares, a prominent opposition lawyer, was arrested last week on charges of spreading malicious gossip abroad after accounts of the scandal appeared in France's *Jeune Afrique* and the London Sunday Telegraph. Salazar's strict censors have prevented the local press from printing a word of the mess, but the fascinating revelations are spreading through Portugal by word of mouth.



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What will the English think of next?

SOUTH KOREA

Judgment on 31

Agents of South Korea's CIA fanned out through the world last summer to round up some 30 South Korean intellectuals—professors, painters, poets and composers—who were living and working abroad. The charges against them: spying for North Korea in a network controlled from East Germany. The South Korean CIA persuaded the suspects to return home by threats against their relatives or offers of lighter sentences, but the news that they had been taken back to Korea touched off a furor in Western Europe, where most of them lived. France and West Germany, neither of which has extradition treaties with South Korea, lodged official protests with Seoul.

Early in November, 34 defendants went on trial in Seoul: eleven who had been living in West Germany, three from France, and one each from the U.S. and Austria, among other places. Nine were women. The government prosecutors charged that the defendants had made a total of 19 visits to the North Korean capital of Pyongyang and 142 trips to East Berlin to undergo espionage training and receive instructions from North Korean secret agents. They were also accused of receiving more than \$77,000 in operational funds from the Communists from 1958 to 1967. In evidence, the government showed all transmitters and decoding books.

Gathering Notes. Most of the defendants pleaded guilty to visiting the Communist capitals and receiving money, but insisted that they had not spied on their return home. Many, like Artist Eung Ro Lee, said that they had cooperated only to get news of relatives in North Korea. Said Lee: "I just wanted to see one of my sons supposedly residing in North Korea." "I visited Pyongyang," said Composer Yi Sang Yun, "merely to gather material for my music composition."

Last week a three-judge tribunal of the Seoul District Criminal Court delivered its verdicts. It found 31 of the 34 defendants guilty. Two were sentenced to death: Kyu Myung Chung, 39, a Frankfurt University physicist, and Yung Su Cho, 34, a professor of French, both of whom supplied Pyongyang with military and political information about South Korea. Four others were condemned to life imprisonment, including Composer Yun, and the rest given prison terms from one to 15 years, which they may appeal.

The West German government, which sent Bonn University Law Professor Gerhard Grünwald to observe the trial, is still angry over the "gross violation" of its sovereignty in the original arrests. On hearing the verdict, the Bundestag discussed the issue for two hours. Bonn made plain that it was still considering retaliatory action, ranging from a cutoff in the \$25 million in aid that it plans to give South Korea next year to a break in diplomatic relations.

AFRICA

Smart New Club

While most attempts at regional co-operation in Africa have been feeble and fleeting, three leaders have devoted considerable time and brainpower to planning an effective togetherness: Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta, Tanzania's Julius Nyerere and Uganda's Milton Obote. They spent many months working out the details of their East African Economic Community, which has just started operating. Already, foreign businessmen are eyeing it with interest—and other African politicians with a touch of envy. Last week, when the three rulers gathered in the Ugandan capital of Kampala to talk about the Community's fu-

offers a common market of 28 million persons that is largely free of tariffs. If the Community embraces the other nine nations, it would have a market of 100 million people.

At this stage, Kenyatta, Obote and Nyerere are not talking about any political integration. Nonetheless, the Community inevitably promotes closer administrative and political ties. Each country, for example, has agreed to allow workers from the other two states to cross its borders to seek employment without passports or entry permits. The Community will have both a "cabinet" composed of three ministers of East African affairs, one from each government, and a Legislative Assembly that will include nine persons from each



AFRICAN SUMMIT CONFERENCE AT KAMPALA

Many knocks at the door.

ture, nine other African leaders showed up to knock on the door.

At least three of them want to get in right away, and the others are giving serious thought to joining. Ethiopia's Emperor Haile Selassie flew into Kampala with his pet Chihuahua Lulu to put in his country's bid for membership. President Kenneth Kaunda of Zambia said that his country wants in because it believes that such cooperation is "a matter of life or death." With a hostile white regime in Rhodesia as a neighbor, Zambia sees its economic future in East Africa. Even Somalia's President Abdirashid Ali Shermarke, whose country has recently encouraged rebellious tribes in both Kenya and Ethiopia, had cooled off enough to come along and ask to join. The other nations represented—Rwanda, Burundi, both Congos, the Sudan and the Central African Republic—are hoping that the new Community will bring better communications, air service and high ways to a large part of Africa.

Reversing the Tide. While color alone has never been a strong enough tie to unify a continent whose people have plenty of other differences to fight over, economic interest could reverse the tide of apartness. The new Community now

nation to enact laws governing services. Though only a modest first step, the East African Economic Community promises to be the smartest—and the fastest-growing—club in Africa.

BRAZIL

Lust for Territory

Brazil boasts the largest supply of uncultivated, uninhabited and cheap land left anywhere in the world. Its vastness stretches from the rugged jungles of Amazonia southward to the plains of the state of Goiás, where the sky is so immense that half a dozen thunderstorms can often be seen brewing in it while the sun shines. For years, the government has offered ten-year tax exemptions on some land and various other lures to attract settlers to the country's largely undeveloped interior. The drive has also attracted hundreds of *Grileiros* (land grabbers), who have come and gone, buying up acreage for virtually nothing. Since Brazil built the city of Brasília out in the vast wilderness for its capital, however, the land buying

From left, clockwise: the Congo's Joseph Mobutu (in leopard hat), Obote, Selassie and Kenyatta (far right).

has developed into a full-fledged boom.

The highway from Brasília to the Amazonian city of Belém that was completed in 1960 has opened up hundreds of square miles of virgin land. This fact, coupled with visions of towering skyscrapers rising from the freshly turned red earth, has brought speculators and just plain land seekers flocking from West Germany, Japan, the U.S. and other countries. They have bought up land for as little as 7¢ an acre from private owners, sometimes reselling it for as much as \$2 an acre. Around the Hotel Nacional bar in Brasília,

a deed buyer, making the first visit to his acreage, has found that it is 24 hours by Jeep from the nearest city, or that he must put in roads, irrigation and other costly improvements before it has any lasting value. While a few U.S. farmers say that they can grow everything from rice to cotton in the soil of Goiás and Bahia, others have found their land nearly infertile. Since homesteads are not staked out and land records in Brazil are chaotic, ownership, moreover, is often uncertain and difficult to prove. Potential prospectors for mineral wealth have been dismayed

CANADA

Pearson's Retreat

Ever the diplomat, Canada's Prime Minister Lester Pearson broke the news in a characteristically understated way. Toward the end of a humdrum Cabinet meeting in Ottawa last week, as his ministers were about to consider an inconsequential industrial-aid item, Pearson rose and declared, quite deadpan: "Speaking of adjustment assistance, I want to read you a letter." To the Cabinet's astonishment, the letter was, indeed, a matter of adjustment. In it, Lester Pearson announced that he will resign as head of Canada's ruling Liberal Party.

At 70, "Mike" Pearson, Canada's 14th Prime Minister, its seventh Liberal Party leader and its first Nobel Peace Prize laureate (for helping resolve the 1956 Suez crisis), intends to retire from public life early next year. His announcement was the second high upheaval in Canadian politics this year. Only three months ago, Pearson's bitter septuagenarian foe, John Diefenbaker, was forced by his colleagues to yield the Conservative leadership.

Great Compromiser. Though the Liberals' lately flagging public image obviously needs rejuvenation, Pearson had not been expected to announce his retirement until after a constitutional conference next February. This critical meeting will take up the increasingly nagging question of how French-speaking Quebec's aspirations can be fulfilled within the legal framework of the predominantly English-speaking confederation. Pearson, in his lame-duck role at the conference, hopes to be even more influential as the great compromiser between Canada's two language blocs.

Pearson will continue in office until the Liberals pick a new parliamentary leader, probably next April. The front-running candidates: Transport Minister Paul Hellyer, 44, who as Defense Minister recently rammed through the unification of Canada's armed forces; Finance Minister Mitchell Sharp, 56, who has been trying to pull Canada out of an inflationary spiral with stiff taxes; and External Affairs Secretary Paul Martin, 64, an urbane lawyer, canny debater and Commons dean of 32 years' political experience. If the Liberals decide to stress youth and, in some degree, French-English unity, they might turn to Quebec's John Napier Turner, 38, the handsome bilingual Registrar General (TIME, April 14).

Pearson's successor could technically hold office without presenting himself to the voters until the parliamentary term expires in 1970, but the newly resurgent Tories, under Nova Scotia's Robert Stanfield, 53, will certainly try to force national elections before then. After 40 years of public service, Pearson himself intends after retirement to stay aloof from the impending political bickering, retreating instead to the quieter fields of lecturing and writing.



FARMER FULLER & FAMILY IN GOIÁS
A bit of Bunyan and a bit of bubble.



lia, some speculators regale foreigners with Bunyanesque tales of undiscovered mineral riches in the soil.

New Frontier. In recent years, foreign investors have together bought more acreage in Brazil than the combined territory of Connecticut, Rhode Island, Delaware, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. The three biggest foreign owners are the British-owned Lancashire General Investment Co. (2,460,000 acres), J. G. Araujo Ltd., in which Texans are said to have an interest (1,977,000 acres) and Indianapolis real estate man Stanley Selig (1,519,000 acres). Not all the land buyers are speculators; many hard-working American farmers are among those who have gone to Brazil to reap the rewards of a new frontier. One such is Farmer Henry Fuller, 38, of Houston, who owns half a million acres, grows crops and raises cattle, and plans to build a school, a church and a trading post on his land.

Like all such bubbles, the one in Brazil may burst, or at least shrink. Many

by the discovery that anything they dig belongs, by law, to the government.

Open Door Policy. Alarmed by the heavy foreign ownership, ultra-national opposition politicians and newspapers have begun to demand action from the government of President Arthur Costa e Silva. Senator Marcelo Alencar of the *Movimento Democrático Brasileiro* charges that no less than one-third of Brazil is now in the hands of foreigners, and has proposed an amendment to the Brazilian constitution to discourage foreign purchases in the future. A government investigating commission has recommended a crackdown on land frauds, while sanctioning legitimate sales to foreigners. Costa e Silva has no immediate plans to change the constitutional provision that allows land sales to non-Brazilians. "We should keep the doors to foreign investment quite open," says Colonel Walter de Andrade, head of the Amazon Development Agency, "because we need more than we can get."

Merrill Lynch answers 6 questions most first-time investors ask about this stock and bond business

On an average business day, several thousands of Americans venture into the market for the first time. Many are confused by the language. Stocks, bonds, capital appreciation. Just what do they all mean? Five minutes scanning this page will not make you an expert. But it may help you to talk more confidently with your broker. Read on. Then get Merrill Lynch's free 32-page guide with more details on how the market works.

What's the difference between stocks and bonds?

When you buy stock in a company, you become a part owner of that company.

Example: If you own 10 shares of common stock in a company which has issued 1000 shares, you own 1% of the company.

If your company has earned profits and decides to pay a dividend, you are entitled to 1% of that dividend. If profits increase, the stock will usually be more attractive and its price may increase. If profits drop, the price of the stock will probably drop, too.

Owning a company's bonds, on the other hand, is like holding its I.O.U.'s.

When you hold a bond, you do not own any part of the company. You have simply loaned money to the company. The company promises to pay you back the face amount of your bond, whenever it matures. Plus the stated rate of annual interest.

Taken over a period of years, most bonds have fluctuated relatively little in price, as compared to common stocks. That's why bonds have generally been considered a safer investment, usually returning a fixed income over a set period of time. However, they offer little prospect of growth or "capital appreciation." In contrast, good common stocks offer the possibility of capital appreciation, and—although there is no guarantee of it—generally provide income, too.

How much will I get from putting my money in stocks?

Merrill Lynch can offer no guarantee that you will get anything at all. In-

stead, you may lose money.

However, it may comfort you to know that a leading index of prices of stocks listed on the New York Stock Exchange has about doubled in the last ten years. Of course, there's no guarantee the trend will continue, or that any particular stock will perform as well in the future.

What makes stock prices go up and down?

There are a thousand factors that can make a stock go up or down—but they all boil down to one simple fact: the stock market works on supply and demand. If there are more people who want to buy a stock than there are people who want to sell it, the stock will go up. And vice versa.

How much commission does a broker charge?

Brokers charge a small commission, figured as a percentage of the dollar value of the stocks you buy or sell. The bigger the transaction, the smaller the percentage. *Example:* The minimum commission permitted by the N.Y.S.E. on the purchase or sale of 100 shares of stock worth \$1000 is \$17.

As a matter of policy, Merrill Lynch charges its customers only the minimum rates permitted, and not a penny more. Our commission on the preceding example: \$17.

How much money do I need to start investing?

You can buy some stocks for literally pennies a share. Others sell for over \$300 a share.

Price alone is no indication of the value of a

stock as an investment. One exception: we consider most "penny" stocks to be inordinately risky, and refuse to open accounts for the sole purpose of buying or selling them.

We advise you not to invest unless you have (1) sufficient income to cover living costs, (2) adequate life insurance, (3) savings to meet emergencies.

If you can meet these essentials, and open an account, we'll handle your order for as little as one share. But, please, not for a "penny" stock!

Just what will a broker do for me?

A broker is, essentially, someone authorized to handle your orders for the purchase or sale of securities. Most brokers provide their customers with many other services, too.

At Merrill Lynch, we think our most important customer service is providing information. In fact, we spend \$5 million a year to collect, analyze, and distribute it.

We will gladly answer any questions you have on investments, and on practically any stock or bond that interests you. We will also give you our Research Department's considered buy-sell suggestions on any of more than 2,000 stocks. No charge, no obligation.

Also, if you become one of our customers, we will be glad to hold your securities in our vault, insuring them against fire and theft, collect your dividends on stocks or your interest on bonds, and send you a monthly statement showing exactly how your account stands. All at no cost to you.

Pick up a free copy of our 32-page booklet "Questions and Answers about the Stock Market," at your nearest Merrill Lynch office, and complete your basic grounding in the stock market. Then compare what we offer with what any other broker offers.

Investigate—then invest.



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The Champagne Curtain. Most Americans don't know it exists.



PAUL MASSON VINEYARDS, SARATOGA, CALIFORNIA 95067

This may be the most ridiculous curtain of all.
American champagne can't get into Europe.

It all has something to do with the French, and their
age-old claim: "Champagne isn't champagne unless it
comes from the Champagne province of France."

To that we say, "Sour grapes."

Of course, at one time, French superiority couldn't be
questioned. A young man named Paul Masson never
questioned it. He imported France's best vines, about 100
years ago, and planted them in Northern California.

Until they covered hillside after hillside.

So today Paul Masson Vineyards makes an excellent
champagne, because the French make an excellent
champagne.

And today Paul Masson is the largest exporter of
premium wines in the United States. (Our wine is catch-
ing on in cities like London, Zurich and Brussels.)

Which is why we're so concerned about the "Cham-
pagne Curtain."

We've got more to lose than anybody else.

Paul Masson Champagne

FROM CALIFORNIA



PEOPLE

lks.) who was Europe's hottest model and cover girl last year. Donyale is now getting a shot at the movies in an Italian opus called *Stop the World! I Want To Get Off* (no kin to the London-Broadway musical). By way of burnishing the image, Donyale told the Italian press that she keeps her figure (31-21-36) by eating only a kilo of meat per day—which comes to 2.2 lbs., enough to sate a good-sized mastiff.

The latest De Gaulle joke in Washington imagines **Charles de Gaulle** on a visit to the Louvre with Minister of Culture André Malraux. "Ah," says *le grand Charles*, "a Matisse." "Non, mon général, that's a Monet." They move on. "Aha! A Cézanne." "Non, mon général—*un Utrillo*." A few minutes later, De Gaulle cries: "You can't fool me this time. That is a Picasso." "Non, mon général," says Malraux sadly. "That is a mirror."

Six-foot one-inch tall and 230 lbs. wide, and there he was, blubbering like an onion peeler right out where everybody could see him. Pro football really can make strong men cry, and Washington Redskins Linebacker **Sam Huff's** turn came as he announced his retirement after a brutal twelve-year career, during which he made All-Pro five times. Now 33, Defenseman Huff (*First Cover*, Nov. 30, 1959) went from West Virginia to eight years of stardom with the New York Giants, playing on five championship teams, before he was traded to Washington four years ago. "Everyone has to do it some time and it's



LINEBACKER HUFF
Unlatched door.

my time now," Sam sniffed, but he couldn't help leaving the door unlatched. "If they needed me, really needed me, to help clinch a title," Huff said, "I couldn't refuse."

Perhaps it was too much to expect that Montreals could have respected his request for a quiet, unpublicized departure. More than 6,500 letters had arrived bidding him Godspeed, and now TV crews, newsmen and 750 well-wishers thronged Montreal's International Airport to say farewell to **Paul-Emile Cardinal Léger**, 63, as he left his archdiocese for self-imposed missionary work in an African leper colony. "When I first made my decision, I felt all alone, but in a month it has become apparent that I have obeyed God's will," said the cardinal. "I leave with a resolution never to come back. I tell you to love God; love one another."

A tender moment it no doubt was, but it still looked an awful lot like a corporate merger. Flanked by His-and-Hers lawyers, Playboy **Huntington Hartford**, 56, and Third Wife Diane, 28, announced that they have reconciled after a four-month international joust that included a well-publicized dalliance between Diane and Singer Bobby Darin. The bill for the resumed coming came high, but Hartford gamely anted up a \$1,500,000 trust fund for Diane's unborn child, expected in June.

Fluttering north from Saigon in a privately chartered helicopter to inspect a Viet Nam resettlement camp, Illinois G.O.P. Senator **Charles Percy**, 48, decided on impulse to take a look at Dak Son, the Montagnard village recently destroyed by the Viet Cong in the war's worst atrocity. The Senator and a party of four hopped to the ground in Dak Son, leaving Loraine Percy in the chopper, and were met by a welcoming barrage of mortar and small-arms fire from surrounding V.C.s. "I can assure you I have never gotten closer to the ground," said Percy, who was pinned down for 15 minutes until four U.S. Army copters whirled in to bail him out. "I saw more action there than I did in three years in World War II."



SCULPTOR MARISOL & TREE
Dreamy decorations.

Ask 22 different celebrities for ideas on how to decorate a Christmas tree, and what do they send? Twenty-two different personal plugs, that's what. Hallmark thought up the gimmick for a seasonal display at its Manhattan Gallery, decorating the trees according to suggestion. Jeweler **Harry Winston** fancied diamond sparkles, **Rex Harrison** (*Dr. Dolittle*) spoke up for animal heads, cartoonist **Charles Schulz** wanted a pine branch atop Snoopy's doghouse. **Julia Child** recommended pots and pans on a stainless-steel tree, and **Leontyne Price** wanted her tree covered in opera programs. Pop Sculptor **Marisol**, 37, was one of the few who eschewed a personal trademark, imagining a tree lying on its side in bed dreaming of its fellow trees in the forest. Hallmark set one up just that way, and—well, it looked like a Marisol trademark anyway.

No one has ever got around to starting **Katharine Hepburn**, 60, in a musical—possibly for the same reason that no composer has yet written a concerto for duck call. Now the oversight is to be remedied in sensational fashion. Kate has been signed for the title role in next season's *Coco*, an oversized Broadway musical about Couturière *Coco Chanel* that will have a book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by André Previn, and a tab of \$500,000. The musical, gestating since 1959, was supposed to star Rosalind Russell, but she got entangled in movie commitments.

Dressed tip-toe in clinging net, she looks more or less like a stand-up hammock. But the bizarre is what the fans came to see in **Donyale Luna**, 21, the Detroit-born spindle (5 ft. 10 in., 114



MOVIE STAR LUNA
Stand-up hammock.

Who did the sculpture of Bob Hope for this week's TIME cover?

MEDICINE

SURGERY

Progress, Then a Setback

Louis Washkansky began the second week of his second life by eating steak and eggs, his favorite dish. He took his first hesitant steps, a few yards from his bed to an armchair on a sunny balcony, badgered his wife to bring the family for a visit, and nicknamed the daily blood sampler "Old Dracula." Every other day he got a dose of cobalt-60 radiation that his doctors had ordered in hopes of controlling the expected—indeed, inevitable—attempt by his system to reject the "foreign" heart muscle in his chest. Even so, he was doing so famously in the early part of the week that he hoped to go home for Christmas—though doctors were reluctant to expose him to a crush of well-wishers.

Then came a disturbing report. One afternoon Washkansky complained of chest pains and started running a slight fever. By morning he was coughing up sputum. Doctors diagnosed it as pneumonia, in the next 24 hours gave him 20 million units of penicillin.

Chief Surgeon Christiaan N. Barnard, who earlier in the week accepted an



WASHKANSKY SITTING UP
Something else to fight.

honorary D.Sc. from Cape Town University and offhandedly reported that his arthritic hands had not bothered him at all during the five-hour operation, quickly assembled his team at Washkansky's bedside. Whether a heart-transplant patient who had diabetes and was on immuno-suppressive drugs could fight off pneumonia was difficult to say. Yet at week's end the hospital still listed Washkansky's condition as "satisfactory." Said Surgeon Barnard: "It's worrying, of course. But I think we can get this infection under control."

CHILDBIRTH

Relieving Pressure & Pain

The women leaning back in large lounge chairs are enclosed from the chest down by a plastic balloon. To the casual observer, they look like a cross between customers at a beauty parlor and weight watchers at a reducing salon. But the gleaming new London quarters in which they are paying customers is neither. The women are pregnant patients preparing for relatively painless childbirth. The key to their goal is contained in equipment they are using and the title of the building in Knightsbridge where they gather at least once a week: the Decompression Clinic.

Opened this month, the clinic employs a technique developed in the mid-1950s by Professor Ockert S. Heyns (pronounced Haynes), 61, of the University of the Witwatersrand in Johannesburg, South Africa. Heyns, seeking means of relaxing and stretching abdominal muscles during labor to reduce the pain of childbirth, hit upon the notion that a reduction of atmospheric pressure outside the abdomen might help. According to him, a woman's uterus pushes forward and changes shape from oval to nearly spherical during labor contractions. But often, he explains, the muscles of the abdominal wall interfere with this transformation, causing pain and prolonging birth.

By reducing exterior pressure on the abdominal wall, Heyns hoped to allow it to protrude further, accommodating the changing shape of the womb. He and his colleagues put together a crude decompression device, tried it out on several expectant mothers. Sure enough, it produced a dramatic shortening in the duration of labor, reduced discomfort, and brought the women who submitted to the tests into the final stages of birth in a more relaxed and vigorous state. Word of the boon soon spread.

Broodening the Benefits. Refined and streamlined, Heyns's decompression unit now consists of a tent or bag of plastic supported by a barrel-shaped glass-fiber frame. The zippered bag encases the woman from the armpits down. As the pregnant mother relaxes in a chair, a hose attached to the frame draws air out of the enclosure, reducing air pressure on the abdomen by as much as 3 lbs. per square inch. Normal pressure within the abdomen remains constant, pushing out the abdominal muscle as decompression outside increases.

At first, Heyns's decompression unit was only used during labor. But evidence of more widespread benefits to mother and child have led to sequential applications of the device from about the 18th week of pregnancy onward. For the mother, says Heyns, decompression sessions encourage painless uterine

contractions that may enhance pre- and postnatal development in the child. Evidence also indicates that the technique lowers the incidence of toxemia—a largely unexplained complication of pregnancy, which can be serious.

Better than Normal. For the child, the benefits of decompression seem even more significant. Children born after a course of decompression during pregnancy appear to develop faster, both physically and mentally. Heyns is understandably tentative about such results. But he believes that decompression improves the circulation of blood—and



HEYNS & PATIENT WITH DECOMPRESSOR
Boon for babies to boot.

therefore oxygen—from mother to fetus, giving it a developmental advantage over a child born after a normal, unaided pregnancy.

So far, it has not been possible to prove the benefits to babies beyond the shadow of a doubt. But studies seem to bear out his belief. South African babies born after prenatal decompression have scored, on the average, about 18% higher than normally born South African white children in tests based on the landmarks of infant development mapped out by Child Psychologist Arnold Gesell. In one group of decompression babies, 16% scored at least 48% higher. At their first birthdays, six specially watched infants who had had the benefit of decompression during gestation and birth appeared to be as developed physically and behaviorally as normal two-year-olds.

Since 1955, more than 5,000 South African births have been aided at six decompression clinics using Heyns's method. Another clinic is operating in Mexico City, and some 36 national health hospitals in Great Britain have used the device for problem pregnancies and research.



TWICE BEFORE WHEN OUR NATION WAS IN DEEP TROUBLE...

The President prayed...the people prayed. United they called on Someone above their military and scientific genius. They called on God.

Twice in our nation's history the power of prayer saved us: At Valley Forge, General George Washington, facing disaster, prayed to our God. His troops prayed. The Congress prayed. Our budding nation was infused with new hope and courage and our country was saved.

In March 1863, President Abraham Lincoln asked both North and South to join in a national day of prayer. Their prayers were answered and the nation was preserved.

As President, John F. Kennedy turned to prayer and President Lyndon B. Johnson has demonstrated his belief in its power.

At this Christmastime we must reaffirm our faith. Let us once again unite in saying...

OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN:

We pray that You save us from ourselves. The world that You have made for us, to live in peace, we have made into an armed camp. We live in fear of war to come.

We are afraid of "the terror that flies by night, and the arrow that flies by day, the pestilence that walks in darkness and the destruction that wastes at noon-day."

We have turned from You to go our selfish way. We have broken Your commandments and denied Your truth. We have left Your altars to serve the false gods of money and pleasure and power.

Forgive us and help us.

Now, darkness gathers around us and we are confused in all our counsels. Losing faith in You, we lose faith in ourselves.

Inspire us with wisdom, all of us of every color, race and creed, to use our wealth, our strength to help our brother, instead of destroying him.

Help us to do Your will as it is done in heaven and to be worthy of Your promise of peace on earth.

Fill us with new faith, new strength and new courage, that we may win the battle for peace.

Be swift to save us, dear God, before the darkness falls.

Conrad N. Hilton



Most of the limousine comes with the convertible. The most desirable luxury features of the Cadillac Fleetwood 75 Limousine can be found in the DeVille Convertible. Like all Cadillacs, they share the all-new 472 V-8—biggest, smoothest engine ever put into a production car. They also share a host of Cadillac refinements, such as concealed windshield wipers and rich, tasteful interior appointments. Your authorized Cadillac dealer will be more than happy to point out a number of others.

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EDUCATION

STUDENTS ABROAD

Rebellion in Europe

At France's 23 universities last week, 250,000 students abandoned their lectures in a carefully planned three-day boycott of classes. At the same time, class attendance at the University of Madrid dropped sharply during a ten-day strike, and 1,000 students conducted a protest march. In Italy, although the Catholic University of Milan was reopened after student protests had closed it for a week, absenteeism persisted; meanwhile, riotous students at the University of Naples barricaded Rector Giuseppe Tesaurio in his own office until club-swinging police broke through the blockade.

Although the incitements vary, student protest is sweeping Europe this fall. As in the U.S., the students are demanding power in setting educational policy and rebelling against paternalistic rules of conduct; they are also freely voicing disagreement with the policies of their national government. The mood of militancy has even afflicted Britain's Cambridge University, where King's College undergraduates—calling Prime Minister Harold Wilson a "fascist bastard" for supporting U.S. policy in Viet Nam—have asked for Marxist-oriented "alternative lectures" and called the *in loco parentis* role of their tutors "ridiculous." Asks one King's man: "How can a middle-aged man know about young people—and why shouldn't one be allowed to sleep with whom one wants?"

Undertones of Irony. While student agitation is an accepted fact of academic life in much of Asia and Latin

America, it is far less frequent in Europe. Most of the current rebelliousness is definitely Berkeley-styled and is blamed by some educators as being U.S.-inspired. The Free University of Berlin has even developed its own version of Mario Savio in Rudi Dutschke, a fiery radical who has been arrested for leading student demonstrations against police barricades.

The student unrest has undertones of irony. In 1943 the Franco government created an official union of Spanish students aimed at indoctrinating them in the country's political ideology. Students are now creating their own autonomous unions to express what they consider to be their true political beliefs. Since these are often considerably to the left of Franco's, the government is now insisting that politics has no place in a university. But politics was not the only issue responsible for a series of pitched battles between police and University of Madrid students: on a recent weekend some 80 protesters were arrested. Even some pro-Franco professors sympathize with student complaints that the university is chronically overcrowded, poorly equipped and sorely underfinanced.

Aroused to Challenge. If U.S. police officials sometimes suspect Communist influence behind student protests, it comes as no surprise that Communist leaders in Czechoslovakia saw "capitalist agitators" behind a protest march by students of the Technical University of Prague. Actually, they were merely fed up with continual breakdowns in heating and lighting on their campus, caused mainly by rats chewing through electrical insulation.

When police chased the protesters back into their dormitories, the rebellion spread to nearby Charles University. Students there held candlelight rallies, boldly protested police brutality.

Dutch students, who have a long tradition of political placidity, have been aroused enough this year to challenge police and send up smoke bombs in their demands for "political emancipation" and a bigger voice in running their universities. More than a third of the students in Dutch universities have joined a militant Students' Trade Union, which is planning a "counter-university" similar to student-run "free universities" in the U.S.

Protests at the University of Paris have been sparked mainly by valid complaints that the university is not equipped to handle its 150,000 students, and that the government is doing little to provide additional space for qualified entrants. Last week's class boycott, which students from other French universities joined in sympathy, was designed to press demands for "a complete reform of the university, its structures, methods and pedagogy."

Dead Universities. Academic inadequacies are also responsible in part for a series of student upheavals at German universities that are perhaps the most serious of all. There is widespread agreement that the country's once proud centers of learning are, for the most part, hopelessly moribund. Autocratic professors are still kings in their own classrooms, and students complain bitterly about the irrelevance of many lectures. A history student, for example, can study for five years without hearing a single lecture on the Third Reich. Undergraduates receive little or no personal guidance from undermanned faculties: the University of Hamburg has fewer than 200 teachers to handle 20,000 students; "seminars"



POLICE WATER-SPRAYING RIOTERS IN BERLIN



SCUFFLING IN PARIS

A demand to be heard, whatever the question.

are sometimes fanned by 400 students, lectures by 1,000.

Politics has complicated the festering complaints of students against their schools. The fatal shooting of a student from the Free University of Berlin during a demonstration against the Shah of Iran (TIME, June 30) ignited a series of uprisings at universities across West Germany. An emotional struggle has also developed between leftist and conservative students, both demanding different kinds of reforms but neither willing to compromise or join forces. In Berlin, demonstrating Free University students have clashed violently with police five times. At rallies, "Red Rudi" Dutschke reads telegrams of support from the Viet Cong. Rectors at Hamburg and Munich have been shouted down by students. "Our universities are dead," concedes one government education official. "We must start from zero."



YABLONSKY IN VENICE, CALIF., & HIPPIES
Dangerous to tell it like it is.

UNIVERSITIES

Risks of Research

The force of law in most cases protects the confidential nature of communications between lawyer and client, psychiatrist and patient, pastor and penitent (see RELIGION). Yet scientists studying antisocial or abnormal human behavior have no such protection, and are wide open to arrest for participating in illegal activities or concealing information about them. The result, many of them claim, is that little meaningful research is being done in the field of what sociologists call "deviant behavior."

The perils of this work were recently exemplified by the dilemma that faced California Sociologist Lewis Yablonsky, whose books on teen-age gang life in New York (*The Violent Gang*) and the Synanon cure for drug addiction (*Synanon: The Tunnel Back*) have been widely praised for telling it like it

is. Yablonsky could tell it, because he lived with the people he studied—and his classroom presentation at San Fernando Valley State College this month earned him an "outstanding teacher" award over 9,000 of his colleagues in the California state colleges. Shortly before he won the award, however, Yablonsky—who is now studying the hippie movement—was subpoenaed to testify at the marijuana trial of a friendly flower child. On the stand, Yablonsky pleaded possible self-incrimination and refused to answer nine questions aimed at discovering whether he had observed anyone smoking pot.

Invaluable Trip. "Of course I had," Yablonsky conceded out of court. "But I took the Fifth because I didn't want to go to jail. I feel very strongly that a sociologist should be able to study a social problem without fear of being guilty of illegal behavior." In his book on the hippies, to be published in March, Yablonsky not only admits that he observed drug use and sales, but describes his own experiment with marijuana and a harrowing LSD trip he and his wife took together—all illegal activities. The trip, Yablonsky contends, gave him "invaluable perspective" on the drug.

Throughout his research, Yablonsky says, he found the possibility of arrest or being forced to reveal sources a "constant source of concern, anxiety and fear." It caused him to turn down an offer to meet "the biggest pusher in California." While such an interview might have aided his sociological insights, he figured that the need to keep the man's identity secret presented an insuperable scholarly dilemma. In the past, he has been bothered by revelations of unpunished crimes turned up in group-therapy work among prison inmates and addicts, finally decided not to report them.

Harvard Psychiatrist Norman Zinberg contends that legal complications have "virtually stopped LSD research dead" and have hindered much-needed studies on homosexuality and abortion. Sociologist Kenneth Whittemore of Georgia State College takes elaborate precautions in his studies of suicide prevention, venereal disease, prostitution, abortion and homosexuality, even though most of it is done on government grants. When he studies abortion in one state, for example, he keeps his files in another so they will be harder to subpoena. He hires coeds to interview prostitutes, gives them \$50 to carry for bail in case they are caught in a raid. Whittemore's contracts permit him to pay sexual deviants for their help, but he

he vows never to take LSD again, opposes hallucinogenic drugs on medical and legal grounds: "I find reality stimulating and interesting—I am against any artificial stimulants that foul up the emotions."

refuses to name them on his tax returns—and IRS agents keep quizzing him about the anonymous deductions.

High-Flying Youths. Also worried about arrests is a group of doctors and nurses compiling invaluable data on drug effects at a free clinic in San Francisco's Haight-Ashbury hippie land. They continually receive high-flying youths still carrying drugs but do not report them, since none of the hippies would ever again seek their help if they did. Clinic Director David Smith, an assistant professor of medicine at the University of California, concedes that he risks his doctor's license every day but insists that his work "is something that has to be done—and I'm going to do it."

To free the social scientist, Yablonsky argues, states should either pass laws granting immunity against prosecution to qualified researchers or allow attorney generals to grant immunity for specific projects. Some sociologists, on the other hand, fear that such laws would bring closer supervision by courts and police, might provide protection for unethical, nonacademic "researchers" seeking thrills. The best solution, argues Sociologist Fred Crawford of Emory University, is for the social scientist to build a reputation for reliable research and to simply accept the risks involved—even if it means going to jail to protect the privacy of individuals who had made his studies possible.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Cost of Militancy

Albert Shanker is president of New York City's United Federation of Teachers, the belligerent A.F.L.-C.I.O. local that shut down the nation's largest public school system for nearly three weeks last September. Under his leadership, the union won a significant increase in pay and power. Two state courts have since ruled that the walk-out—in theory, a "mass resignation" of the city's teachers—violated a state law against public-employee strikes, and that Shanker must spend 15 days in jail. Last week he announced that he would not appeal his conviction any higher in the courts and was ready to serve his time.

Shanker, 39, a former mathematics teacher and the father of three, is by far the most prominent union leader to serve a prison term as a result of the teachers' recent drive for more influence over their school systems. In addition to his jail sentence, he must personally pay a \$250 fine, and his union will also have to cough up \$150,000. It has already lost its automatic dues checkoff arrangement with the school board for one year. Shanker indicated that he had no regrets over his union's action. "The price I am about to pay is well worth what we have accomplished," he said. Will it take some of the fight out of his organization in the future? "No," he answered. "It will make us more militant."



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SPORT

BASKETBALL

Shoot, Wilt

The Philadelphia 76ers are paying 7-ft. 1-in. Wilt Chamberlain \$250,000 to play professional basketball this winter, and nobody can say that he hasn't gone all out to earn this record sum. Wilt, for instance, thought up a new basketball strategy called *reductio ad absurdum*. In seven seasons with the San Francisco Warriors and Philadelphia 76ers, Chamberlain averaged 39.6 points a game, and even got as high as 100 points in one game—yet his teams never won a championship. Last year, he was persuaded to shoot less and enjoy it more as a playmaker and rebound hawk. The 76ers, after a 68-13 season record, went on to beat the Warriors for the N.B.A. title.

At the start of this season, though, Chamberlain carried his selfless one-for-all tactics from the sublime to the ridiculous. He continued to set up plays and engulf the backboards. But presumably on the theory that the less he scored, the better Philadelphia fared, Wilt hardly went for the basket at all. In his first 16 games, he averaged only 15 points. Against the Warriors last month he scored exactly one point—on a foul shot—and did not so much as attempt a field goal in the entire game.

The strategy would have been all right if the 76ers were running away from the league as they did last year, but they are not. They already have lost nine games, or two-thirds the number they lost all last season. Coach Alex Hannum finally told Chamberlain to be a little piggish out there, take himself a shot now and then. Wilt's response was to pump in 52 points against the Seattle Supersonics. He hit for 34 against the Chicago Bulls, 29 against the Cincinnati Royals, and the 76ers suddenly began to show some of the old spirit. Rattling off four straight victories, they swept past the Boston Celtics and took over the N.B.A.'s Eastern Division lead.

And You Too, Bill

Princeton's Bill Bradley left professional basketball cool his heels for two years while he studied philosophy, politics and economics at Oxford, then another five months passed while he served out his military duty in the U.S. Air Force Reserve. Two weeks ago, the man who ranks as one of the game's all-time college greats finally reported to the New York Knicks' headquarters to start work on his four-year, \$500,000 contract. From the way the fans reacted, he might have been Bob Cousy, Oscar Robertson and Wilt Chamberlain all rolled into one. In Bradley's first two home games, 30,000 fans (twice the usual number) jammed Madison Square Garden to cheer his every move. In the experts' cool appraisal, his debut was no more auspicious than that of any



BRADLEY IN ACTION AGAINST HAWKS

With the big boys now.

rookie starting out—and having a tough time of it—in the pros.

At Princeton, Bradley scored 2,503 points, three times was chosen an All-America. But Princeton isn't the pros, and now, at 24, he is starting out in a man's game where practically every competitor can match his 6-ft. 5-in. size, and even the bench warmers were stars back home. What's more, they have been working at their trade. "I only played six games at Oxford last year," says Bradley, and his training with the Knicks was limited to one workout.

In the first game, Coach Dick McGuire kept Bradley on the bench until the Knicks had built up a 12-point lead over the Detroit Pistons. "So the pressure wouldn't be so great," When No. 24 quickly swished an eight-foot jump shot, the crowd went wild—and kept on cheering, even though Bradley got off some amateurish passes and showed obvious rustiness at the foul line, making only two of six free throws. Next game, against the St. Louis Hawks, Bill looked sharper, sinking eight straight baskets. Then he blew everything in the final seconds with a clumsy jump shot that the Hawks recovered for a score themselves; that error cost the Knicks an overtime and eventually the game. His third time out, on Detroit's home court, Bradley seemed hesitant to shoot, wound up with 10 points in the 30 minutes he played.

Experience should smooth the rough edges off Bradley's passing and play making. After the second Detroit game, the Pistons' Dave Bing, currently tops

in the league with a 28-point average, said that Bradley "is a better shooter than I am, but he's always looking for the open man. He's always passing off instead of popping it in himself."

TENNIS

Two Little Words

There is nothing wrong with tennis that a little British ingenuity can't cure. Last week, by an overwhelming vote of 295 to 5, officials of the British Lawn Tennis Association decided to delete two little words—amateur and professional—from their rule book. Next year, all the game's men and women will be merely "players." So pros, for the first time, will be eligible to compete in the All-England championships at Wimbledon, the oldest (91 years) and most prestigious tournament in the world.

The British decision was praiseworthy, and even necessary, for a sport that too long has treated its best players—the pros—as second-class citizens, while allowing less talented "shamateurs" to live lives of leisure on their expense accounts. The move was courageous, too. Only two of the other 83 member countries in the International Lawn Tennis Federation—Canada and New Zealand—have offered any real assurance of support.

Australia is threatening to prohibit its top amateurs from playing at Wimbledon—mainly for fear of having them wiped up by the pros, a circumstance that would damage the prestige of the Davis Cup (which the Aussies have won 21 times) and of amateur tennis in general. Italy's tennis officials are so angry at the espousal of open tennis that they are trying to get Britain expelled from the I.L.T.F.

The British may get some help from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association, which has yet to decide just where it stands. "I am against dishonesty," says President Robert Kelleher, "but I stop short of any abolition of all distinction between the amateur and the pro." Kelleher has promised to test U.S. reaction to the British proposal in a poll of his membership next February.

If the players ever get a chance to vote, there is little question of how the balloting will go. Australia's John Newcombe, the world's No. 1-ranked male player and the defending Wimbledon champion, says that he will defend his title even if he has to turn pro to do so. California's Billie Jean King, who won this year's ladies' crown at Wimbledon, will be back, too: "I favor open tennis," she says realistically and practically, "and I would be happy to play it." Arthur Ashe, the No. 2-ranked U.S. male player and America's best hope for the future in Davis Cup competition, is also willing to risk losing his amateur status to play against the pros at Wimbledon: "I will play if I can get leave," says Ashe, currently serving as a lieutenant in the Army. "I'll stick my neck out—regardless of whether the U.S.L.T.A. backs Britain."



"THE FAMILY OF CHARLES IV" (FIRST GOYA IN LEFT BACKGROUND)

Devastating candor for self as well as subject.



DETAIL SHOWING SECOND GOYA

PAINTING

A Share in the Bacchanal

Francisco Goya was 54 and at the height of his fame and powers in 1800 when, as first court painter, he was called on by his sovereign, King Charles IV, to immortalize the royal family. The shimmering panorama that Goya created has been called his supreme tour de force. With devastating candor, he laid bare the indolence of the King, the shallow depravity of Queen Maria Luisa (whose intrigues on behalf of her lover Godoy had reduced the Bourbon court to its final debility), and the self-centered vacuity of their relations. In imitation of Velázquez' 1656 portrayal of the royal maids of honor, *Las Meninas*, Goya painted himself into the picture as a prim, critical observer at his easel on the left of the picture.

But that was not all—though it has taken over a century and a half to discover the second Goya in the Goya. Last June, Madrid's Prado Museum decided to have *The Family of Charles IV* cleaned and rebaked with a fresh canvas. When the first layer of grime was removed the Prado's assistant director, Xavier de Salas, made a startling discovery. In the upper left-hand corner, a dark picture hanging on the palace wall turned out to depict a nude man and two seminate women. The man is caressing one woman's thighs, and his face, though youthful, dark and gaunt with the strain of the bacchanal, is, says De Salas, "Goya, without any doubt."

The master caricaturist often made himself a subject, and his distinctively blunt features can be seen in many of his paintings and drawings. But his second presence in *The Family of Charles IV* gives ironical depth to an already profound picture. By stripping away his

own mask of detachment and presenting a self as warped by passion as any of his royal subjects, the artist seems to suggest that whatever frailty they symbolize, it is one that he cannot pass judgment upon.

Neck & Neck

Though they lacked the precision of computerized analysis, the surveys of painting and sculpture staged by the Whitney Museum of American Art have long been considered the U.S. art world's Gallup poll. They attracted the whole spectrum of artistic talent, accurately forecast which schools and techniques were gaining popularity. But because the Whitney is a Manhattan museum with limited funds to comb the nation for prospects, critics have charged that the Annuals reflected the fast-changing Manhattan gallery scene but not the nation at large.

With this year's painting exhibit, no such complaint is heard. Helped by a \$155,000, five-year Ford Foundation grant, the Whitney for the first time dispatched five directors and curators to 30 cities to look at work produced from Sarasota to Seattle. The result is a record number of exhibitors: 165 artists, 64 of whom are from outside the New York area, including 27 who have never shown at the Whitney.

Finish Fetish. The very diversity indicates a vigorous painting scene across the U.S. And the multiple styles should decisively demolish the notion that trend setting stops or starts at the Hudson. For better or for worse, New York and the provinces are neck and neck when it comes to whipping up frothy op and pop confections. And as for styles so new that no handy handle has as yet been hung on them, they are almost as likely to be committed to canvas in Chicago as in New York.

Abstraction is the dominant mode in the U.S. right now and accounts for approximately 50% of the paintings at the Whitney. How varied nonobjectiveness can be is illustrated by the op grids of Cleveland's Julian Stanczak as well as by the empty canvas of Manhattan Minimalist Robert Mangold, and the sheet of lacquered aluminum from Los Angeles' Billy Al Bengston (representative of what one Whitney curator dubbed California's "finish fetish"). But abstraction as an end in itself is on the wane. Artists everywhere are tending to combine it with figurative elements, or give their abstractions the illusion of three-dimensional space. One shaped canvas by Washington's Thomas Downing is painted to produce the optical illusion of five shelves piled on top of each other, while a seemingly abstract composition by Manhattan's Peter Dechar, 25, portrays, in fact, a pair of pears (see color opposite).

Comics & Bubble Gum. The Whitney's curators found few artists portraying local flavor in the tradition of Grant Wood. What they discovered instead was regional groups with a common outlook, like the West Coast's "Junk artists," whose gamy, gutsy assemblages have been shown in many national exhibits. Equally vigorous are half a dozen youthful Chicagoans who call themselves "The Hairy Who." As can be seen from Karl Wirsum's *The Odd Awaiting Aweel*, the style of the Who is based on garish colors and art-nouveau line, draws its imagery from comic strips, bubble-gum wrappers and athlete's-foot advertisements. The movement's weakness is an adolescent desire to shock; its strength lies in its verve and technical proficiency—qualities that mark the Whitney Annual throughout and that are in themselves the best news in the show.



CHICAGO'S HAIRY WHOS: WIRSUM'S "THE ODD AWNING AWED"

WHITNEY'S NEW TRENDS

NEW YORK'S IN-DEPTH ABSTRACTION: DECHAR'S "PEARS 67, NO. 3"



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THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Green Light for Group Services

A start has been made toward providing legal services for the poor. The rich have always had the best lawyers. But what of the middle class, faced with fees that often place good legal help all but out of reach? An important answer could be group legal services—the services of a lawyer offered by an organization to members at a reduced rate or for free. Trouble is that such services violate the codes of ethics of the American Bar Association and the bars of most states.

The Supreme Court has now changed that. The case involved an Illinois local of the United Mine Workers, which had hired a lawyer to represent, without charge, members pressing workmen's compensation claims. The Illinois bar brought suit to end the practice. But, wrote Justice Hugo Black, "We hold that the freedom of speech, assembly and petition guaranteed by the First and 14th Amendments gives petitioner the right to hire attorneys to assist its members in the assertion of their legal rights." The 8-to-1 decision seems to mean that almost any form of group legal services will now be acceptable, as long as the group refrains from telling the lawyer what to do.

EVIDENCE

Getting It on Tape

The Miami police department now video-tapes moving, talking mug shots of every suspect arrested. "It takes from 30 to 40 seconds," explains Officer Lloyd Hicks, who runs the project, "and it's like a walking wanted card. Officers checking the ident tapes later really get the feeling that they know the man they're after." During a race riot outside a high school in the Chicago suburb of Maywood, Sheriff Joseph Woods had his tape crew record the entire scene. When police brutality was later charged, Woods simply hauled out his tapes and proved his deputies innocent.

A bit belatedly, lawmen and lawyers are beginning to recognize the advantages of video tape. In Detroit, police line-ups of suspects have been video-taped, making it possible for witnesses to do their viewing when convenient for them. An added benefit for assault and rape victims: they do not have to undergo the trauma of physically facing the assailant again. In fact, the only drawback many police departments see to video tape is price. The complete Ampex system of camera, sound recorder and receiver, which is generally conceded to be the best and most adaptable, costs \$1,654 for just one.

Absent Experts. One unit is all that Peoria, Ill., Lawyer Tom Cassidy needs, however, and he finds that it has more than paid for itself. When he draws up

a will, Cassidy has his client read it over in front of the camera. Then he asks questions calculated to prove the willmaker is of sound mind, and winds up the taping by having the document signed and witnessed. He predicts that any subsequent challenge will have little chance in the face of such evidence. He has also taped standard instructions to witnesses and clients, explaining the basics of testifying. That saves him an hour with each person. When he must be away, he tapes information for a client instead of canceling appointments.

Cassidy has also been video-taping depositions, paralleling an experiment of the bar association of Akron. The reaction by judges to dry runs has been lively, with special interest in the taped testimony of such expert witnesses as

at his convenience, and when all is in readiness the jury could be shown the tape." Lawyers will still probably want most witnesses to appear live in court. But Professor Joiner points out one further persuasive advantage of tape. The jury would see and hear only those parts of the testimony that were properly admissible, thereby blocking those attorneys who introduce clearly objectionable material so that juries will hear it before it can be ruled out.

LIBEL

Differing Rights

Even after the Senate censured him, Connecticut Democrat Thomas Dodd went ahead with plans to bring a libel suit against Columnists Drew Pearson and Jack Anderson. Most lawyers knew, however, that he had little chance of success in the wake of the Supreme



CASSIDY CUTTING TAPE
The only drawback is the price.

doctors and ballistics specialists. Trials are often delayed because an expert cannot testify at a time convenient to the court. By video-taping his testimony before the two opposing lawyers, he can appear whenever he has time. So far, apparently, only one court has admitted any video-taped evidence. In Charlestown, W. Va., the police had taped a drunk driver after his arrest. At his trial, Municipal Judge John Charnock allowed the video tape as secondary and corroborating evidence. He found the man guilty.

Blocking Out Objections. Other courts will probably soon have to decide what uses of video tape are admissible. Professor Charles Joiner, associate dean of the University of Michigan Law School, sees no reason why tapes should be barred. In the not-so-distant future, he predicts, "the testimony of each party and witness could be taken

Court's 1964 *New York Times v. Sullivan* decision, which makes it all but impossible for a public official to win libel suits unless he can prove malice by the defendant. Recognizing that fact, Dodd last week withdrew the libel action, though he continued to press suit against the newsmen for having conspired in the stealing of certain of his private documents.

Noting that Dodd was only facing up to "realities," District Court Judge Alexander Holtzoff wryly reprimanded his superiors. "As a result of *Times v. Sullivan*," he said, "libel law was changed by the Supreme Court in a most revolutionary manner. A court which had previously been concerned with the rights of individuals has limited the rights of holders of public office." The libel limitation, concluded Holtzoff, "is now one of the penalties of being a high official."

MUSIC

OPERA

Dance of Life

No operatic style is more closely wedded to its native language than the small but heady French repertoire. Its best composers, from Rameau to Poulenc, created music that wraps itself tightly around every inflection of the spoken word. Without French-horn singers who can respond instinctively to the language embedded in the music, French opera is likely to languish—which is just what has been happening at New York's Metropolitan.

Even so, no company can long endure without a *Carmen* on its list, and last week, after six years' absence, Bizet's supple shocker returned to the Met in a new production. The *Carmen* was Grace Bumbry, a Negro mezzo-soprano from St. Louis; her Don José was Nicolai Gedda, a Swedish-Russian; the Escamillo was Justino Diaz, a Puerto Rican. The conductor was Zubin Mehta, an Indian from Bombay who now conducts the Los Angeles Philharmonic—and who last week touched off a furor by denying that he was the least bit interested in conducting the New York Philharmonic. Yet what the musical performance lacked in authentic accent was balanced by the thoroughly Gallic staging of French Actor-Director Jean-Louis Barrault.

Taking his cues from the original

"I don't want the job," Mehta said. "Artistically, it wouldn't be a step up for me. My orchestra is better than the New York Philharmonic." Mehta doubted that most of his supposed rivals for the job want it either. But the other candidates either kept mum or agreed with Composer-Conductor Pierre Boulez that leading the Philharmonic would be "a difficult but enviable job."



GRACE BUMBRY AS CARMEN
Better seen than heard.

Prosper Mérimée novella rather than from the encrustation of operatic melodramas that have come to form the accepted *Carmen* style. Barrault restored to brimming life the tale of the gypsy charmer and the innocent soldier she dupes into loving her. "The story," says Barrault, "is tragedy rather than melodrama. It is a human tragedy, surrounded by a society that is so caught up in its own dance of life that it is indifferent to the suffering of others."

To suggest this framework, Designer Jacques Dupont created a set in which all four acts were played in an open arena. As *Carmen* worked her wiles on Don José, for example, a crowd representing all social levels wandered up and down the tiers of the arena in complete indifference, doing little dance steps of amused noninvolvement.

Considering the varied origins of his non-French-speaking cast, Barrault was probably justified in oversteering the theatrical aspects of the plot with constant stage activity. Bumbry, a rising singer who has created her share of glory at the Met as the villainesses in *Aida* and *Don Carlo*, has yet to master the sinuous individuality of the French musical line. Though often incisive, Mehta's operatic work does not yet measure up to his symphonic accomplishments. As a result, Barrault created a *Carmen* that was acted more than it was sung. But he also provided the Met with a brilliant venture into musical theater.

JAZZ

Reluctant Return

Where does a jazz guitarist go after he forms his own trio, makes records, plays top clubs, and wins the title of best guitarist in *Down Beat* magazine's international critics' poll for two years running? If he is Tal Farlow, he goes off to live in tiny (pop. 1,200) Sea Bright, N.J., where he reads, putters, takes up his old trade of sign painting, and disappears from the jazz scene for a decade. Why? Economics offers one explanation: many of the intimate, congenial rooms where Farlow liked to play had folded by 1957, the year he vanished. But his reasons went deeper. A lanky (6 ft 2 in.) North Carolinian, Farlow did not find big-city life appealing; he could never quite convince himself that picking at a guitar in a nightclub was his true calling. "I just couldn't take it seriously," he says.

Not that he gave up the guitar when he moved to Sea Bright. He built a studio in his waterfront house where he combined music and electronics in the development of such gadgets as a mini-computer that adds a simultaneous sound an octave below whatever he plays. But except for a few local dates and some jam sessions with friends, he did no performing. "Time just went by," he draws, "and I didn't take any en-



FARLOW AT THE FRAMMIS
Barn swallows among the star bursts.

gements—and if I remember correctly, nobody asked me."

Now someone has. Last week Farlow, 46, finished a seven-week stand at Manhattan's new Frammis Restaurant, where his playing was as dexterous, polished and imaginative as ever. He reeled off his solos in long, sinuous lines that looped and darted like barn swallows, sometimes fragmenting suddenly into chords, or climaxing in silvery starbursts of notes. He even accompanied the other members of his trio (Pianist Johnny Knapp, Bassist Lynn Christie) with virtuosic flourishes: at several points, he played an amplified bass line on one string while strumming unamplified chords on the other.

Most nights, a sampling of the city's other guitarists turned up at the Frammis to admire and learn—even though much of what Farlow does is technically wrong. Self-taught, he applies his large, bony hands to the instrument in completely unorthodox fingerings; he plays only the top four strings with the fingers of his left hand, for example, while holding down the other two with his thumb. His lack of formal training—he still cannot read music—never bothered him; for a long time music was merely an avocation. He had already opened his own sign-painting shop in Greensboro in the early 1940s when radio broadcasts and recordings by Guitarist Charlie Christian lured him into jazz. Even after he had traveled northward with bands and played in New York with Red Norvo and Artie Shaw in the 1950s, he kept on painting signs.

Now, with his successful return to jazz, he seems ready to yield at last to its appeals. He is sorting through a batch of offers to make records and to play other club dates from Boston to Los Angeles. When asked if he is finally ready to regard music as his calling, he gives what for him is a positive answer: "Yes—probably."

A Christmas Prayer

Let us pray that strength and courage abundant be given to all who work for a world of reason and understanding & that the good that lies in every man's heart may day by day be magnified & that men will come to see more clearly not that which divides them, but that which unites them & that each hour may bring us closer to a final victory, not of nation over nation, but of man over his own evils and weaknesses & that the true spirit of this Christmas Season—its joy, its beauty, its hope, and above all its abiding faith—may live among us & that the blessings of peace be ours—the peace to build and grow, to live in harmony and sympathy with others, and to plan for the future with confidence.

DOCTOR OF TOMORROW

OF
MEDICINE



Heavy date tonight

It's evening, any evening at any medical school. The long class day ends. But not the load of learning. Like the shadows of these students, stooping under the weight of texts and notebooks, bone bags and microscopes, that load reaches far ahead into the night.

Though the making of a modern doctor now stretches to ten or more costly, exacting years, there's hardly a minute to spare. The mass of medical knowledge grows fast. And even the ablest man must drive himself relentlessly to

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RELIGION

ROMAN CATHOLICS

How Secret the Confessional?

Five years ago, in Langenberg, West Germany, a teen-age butcher's apprentice confessed to a Roman Catholic priest that he had murdered an eight-year-old boy. During the confession, and in subsequent conversations, the priest urged the murderer to turn himself in and refused him absolution until he did so. The youth would not. Bound by canon law to observe the church's tradition that nothing said in confession may ever be disclosed, the priest was helpless to protest publicly. Yet in the next four years, three more children in the Langenberg area were abducted and killed in much the same manner as the first.

Last week Jürgen Bartsch, 21, was sentenced to life imprisonment for the four murders. On the stand, he not only admitted the killings and confessed attempts to abduct 70 other children, but also allowed that he had sought absolution from a priest after attacking his first victim. In Germany, the trial and its ghastly revelations have stirred a bitter debate on whether the confessional should be inviolate when it is prey to admissions of crime.

Unchallenged Principle. Even in an age when Catholic theologians are willing to challenge almost every other established doctrine or discipline, no one has yet challenged the principle that private confessions should be secret. Under church law, a priest may be automatically excommunicated if he divulges any information told him by a penitent—and deviations from the rule are almost non-existent. Protestant ministers are equally circumspect regarding personal matters discussed with parishioners. The privilege of the confessional is acknowledged by courts in most Western countries. In West Germany, for example, both Catholic and Protestant clerics—as well as psychiatrists dealing with mental patients—are exempt from a law requiring citizens to report any knowledge of crimes committed. The Bartsch case, however, has stirred an extraordinary amount of outcry against the silence of the priest involved because of the peculiarly repellent nature of the crimes.

The illegitimate son of a tubercular war widow and an itinerant Dutch street singer, Jürgen Bartsch was adopted in 1954 by a Catholic couple. According to his own testimony, he was sexually molested by a male relative when he was eight, and in puberty displayed homosexual tendencies. All of Bartsch's victims were boys; all had been killed away from carnivals, all had been lured in an abandoned air-raid shelter. On the witness stand, Bartsch described in detail how he had attempted anal intercourse with two of the boys, masturbated over them, then slaughtered the children as a butcher would a steer.

Essential to Integrity. Since Bartsch admitted that he had told a priest of the first killing, letters have poured into German newspapers, protesting that had the confessor not remained silent, the three other boys might be alive today. Nonetheless, Catholic priests and Protestant ministers have overwhelmingly defended the priest and confessional secrecy. On purely practical grounds, they contend, the secret confession probably prevents far more crimes than it hides, by providing an emotional outlet for disturbed persons.

Moreover, priestly guidance given in the confessional often persuades crim-

PHOTO BY AP/WIDEWORLD



BARTSCH ON TRIAL
Outcry over the silence.

inals to surrender to the authorities. Finally, were any exceptions made to secrecy, confidence in the value of confession would be destroyed. "The priest, like the physician or lawyer," said Dr. Anton Maier, a spokesman for Munich's Julius Cardinal Döpfner, "must retain the professional secret as an essential part of the integrity of his calling." Adds Protestant Pastor Christian Schulze of Hamburg: "We can only be thankful that we still have one place left in the world where a man can speak freely and not fear retribution."

THEOLOGY

Literature in the Divinity School

Is William Faulkner's *The Sound and the Fury* a religious novel? Faulkner himself was a somewhat cynical agnostic, and few readers would find much spiritual comfort in his dour chronicle of the Compson family. But to Professor Nathan Scott of the University of Chicago Divinity School, the answer is

clearly yes. Behind the novel's secular façade, he argues, lies a poetic expression of what theology calls *kairos*—the divine gift of time span in which man exists on earth.

Aeschylus to Altizer. Scott, who has a B.A. in English literature and a Ph.D. in religion from Columbia University, is a leading exemplar of a fast-growing specialty in U.S. seminars and universities: the joint study of literature and theology. Pioneered by Chicago, which inaugurated its first course in the field in 1950, literature-and-theology is now being offered by eight other U.S. universities and divinity schools. Taught mostly at the graduate level, the programs require students to be as familiar with secular writing as sacred. At the Methodists' Emory University in Atlanta, the first-year curriculum includes a study of drama from Aeschylus to Shakespeare; next spring, the university's celebrated Christian atheist, Thomas Altizer, will lecture on the theological and artistic expression of nihilism, concentrating on Baudelaire, Kierkegaard and Nietzsche.

By far the toughest and most developed program is at Chicago, which currently offers 17 courses, ranging from a seminar on *Moby Dick* to a study of the novel and urban imagination dealing with Dickens, Balzac and Fitzgerald. Along the way to their Ph.D.s, students must master, among other things, five fields of religious study, including the Bible and the history of Christianity, the position of one major modern theologian or the entire body of one major writer's work, and one classic of criticism—plus two foreign languages, usually German and French. The most harrowing obstacle is an oral examination during which the candidate must defend a paper explaining his critical principles before a panel of twelve professors from both the divinity and English faculties.

Repository of Insight. The field of study is so new that there are only about 20 literature and theology Ph.D.s in existence (15 of whom are Chicago graduates). Most are professors in divinity schools or English departments at secular universities. Tom Driver, who heads the I. & T. curriculum at Manhattan's Union Theological Seminary, teaches five courses, among them "Doctrines of Man in Modern Drama," and is a well-known freelance drama and film critic; he has written reviews for the *Reporter* and the *Christian Century*.

Underlying all literature and theology programs is the premise that insofar as a novel or play says anything significant about life, it has a religious meaning—which the theologian has as much right to explicate as a critic. Says Chicago's Scott: "The great canon of modern literature is a repository of an enormously profound insight into what it means to be human. It is through the study of literature that some of the most genuine and revealing points of contact between religion and art are likely to be found in our time."

MODERN LIVING

RECREATION

Five-Day Banzanza

No army has ever had anything quite like it—but then there has never been a war quite so frustrating as Viet Nam. It is the U.S.'s Rest and Recuperation program. Technically, R & R is just five days off which doesn't count against the annual 30-day leave. But its special feature is that for those five days, the U.S. Government will fly the serviceman absolutely free to his choice among ten of the most fascinating cities on earth, and then after his five glorious days of freedom, fly him back.

R & R has grown along with the war. Only two years ago, a modest 500 men a month were flown out to Hong Kong and Bangkok for brief vacations. This month, some 30,000 will wing off from the chill monsoon rains of the DMZ or the muddy Delta for a five-day fling to a list of cities that now includes Honolulu, Tokyo, Taipei, Singapore, Manila, Penang, Kuala Lumpur and, most recently, Sydney. It is probably something only the world's richest country could afford. To provide it, the Government pays Pan Am \$23,500,000 a year for its service, which now runs 45 jet flights every month to Honolulu alone, 65 monthly DC-6 flights to Bangkok. And from many a G.I.'s point of view, no money was ever better spent.

No Rank Aloft. A serviceman becomes eligible for R & R after 90 days in Viet Nam, but he is encouraged to take it after six months so that it will break his one-year tour in half. Space is allotted to each service in proportion to the total number of men it has in the country, which comes down to 65% Army, 15% Marines, 12% Air Force, 6% land-based Navy and 2% Coast Guard. A serviceman submits his choice of time and city, and does not always get his first pick. But once he gets his orders, he is a coddled and happy fellow.

He is issued a cotton Class A uniform to replace his combat fatigues. He is advised to have at least \$125.

For combat troops, particularly those key men that commanders feel they can ill spare if the unit has to go back into the line, there are special camps within South Viet Nam, here self, notably at Da Nang and Vung Tau. Here, too, notably in Da Nang, are sent to recuperate on three-day passes that are technically R & R but really bonuses that do not jeopardize their basic five-day R & R leave.

His unit transports him to the nearest of the three R & R airbases. Here he changes his scrip for U.S. dollars, is checked out for neatness, lectured on good behavior, and then, within 24 hours, he is off. The first pleasure is climbing into big Pan Am planes, complete with tilt-back seats, pretty stewardesses and "refreshments," where privates rub elbows with colonels, and all rank goes by the board.

Civilians at Heart. Pleasant as this is, the R & Rer has another reason for not caring how long the flight takes: his allotted five days and nights do not begin until the plane touches down.

PHOTO: FRANK G. ...



SEVENTH FLEET ENTERING HONG KONG HARBOR

What only the richest could provide.

When it does, he is again briefed by the local R & R center (sample from Taipei: "Keep out of the buses or you may lose your wallet. Do not purchase the company of a girl for more than 24 hours at a time; they seldom look as good in the morning."). The R & R center will also arrange to rent him civilian clothes (several countries are nervous about having U.S. personnel in uniform). And then come his five carefree days, single-mindedly devoted to the pursuit of pleasure.

What he seeks and what he does in his five days is as various as American youth itself. In general, the modern U.S. serviceman is better educated, more sophisticated, more curious about alien cultures, and better behaved than any of his predecessors—and he has more money to spend. On the average, he spends roughly \$200, making a total

yearly tourist bonanza for the area of some \$72 million. And he may be the best-behaved soldier in history. One R & R officer stationed in Thailand, where the record shows only one serious incident for every 12,000 G.I.s who visit Bangkok, says: "The trouble rate is so low, no one wants to believe it." In Hong Kong, police authorities say that they have more trouble with the resident British garrison than from visiting U.S. servicemen. Busting up bars seems to be something that went out with *From Here to Eternity* and the professional army. The G.I. these days is a civilian at heart—and savvy enough to reject the most inopportune tout's offer of "a good place" with a grin and a worldly-wise shake of the head.

World's Biggest PX. Basic drives remain simple. First come good food, clean sheets and hot water. "I took four showers the first day," says SP4 Ethel Woodward, a mortician with the 1st Infantry Division. "I hadn't had a hot shower in ten months." Some first seek out the local R & R center and gorge on fresh milk, hamburgers and ice cream. Next objective is usually, in the words of a 173rd Airborne trooper, "a girl." But, he added carefully, "I'm also very interested in the cultural bit. I figure I may only be coming this way once." And because they may never come this way again, large numbers of R & Ring servicemen earnestly seek, watch, explore and examine a range of cultures that they would never otherwise have even glimpsed.

Among single men, the favorite city is Bangkok. Its Petchaburi Road offers the neon-lit Goldfinger Massage Parlor, the Whisky A Go-Go Club and some 50,000 bar girls, but also impressive temples for inspection during the recuperative hours. The companionship of a girl who also numbers English among her several skills can be secured for \$11 a day or \$50 for a full five days. After Bangkok, Tokyo, Hong Kong and Taipei get about equal attention. Tokyo is particularly popular in summer because it is cooler, attracts those troopers who like modern nightclubs but also recognize that Japan is one of the great cultures of the Eastern world.

Taipei, which has few cultural monuments apart from the great collection of Chinese art in the National Museum, has gained R & R status from the complaisance of its girls and the excellence of its food. Hong Kong is the shopper's paradise ("the world's biggest PX," as one R & R'er described it); it is thronged with purposeful G.I.s looking for camera and tape-recorder bargains offered by its free-port status, and perhaps an instant custom suit for \$35 ordered and fitted within 48 hours. Hong Kong is also the most popular R & R center for the Seventh Fleet; the arrival and departure of U.S. ships coming off patrol duty off Viet Nam is recorded on an updated blackboard at many a bar-dancehall in its famed Wan-

REST & RECUPERATION FOR U.S. FIGHTING MEN

A favorite R & R area is Japan. Taking time out from Tokyo's night spots, Specialists Ron Klausing, 19, and Tom Kiemmen, 20, try the country's traditional way of life—and dress—at Hakone, a hot-springs resort at foot of Mount Fuji.



1. JAPAN

ROBERT F. FLEISCHER/REUTERS



Closer to the fighting front is Vung Tau on South Viet Nam's east coast, where the surf runs high, the bars stay open late, and a combat-fatigued Marine can always find a Vietnamese girl who owns a bikini.



In Bangkok, popular R & R city, a camera-wise Buddhist monk obligingly snaps a picture for the home folks of Private George Ortiz, 20, of Milwaukee, and Lenvel Perry, 19, of West Liberty, Ky., posing before the Temple of the Emerald Buddha.



Shaw photo.



In Hong Kong's Wanchai District, the turf of Suzy Wong, a sailor from a U.S. ship just back from patrol duty off Viet Nam dances with Helen of the Rainbow Bar.



Australia, recently added to the R & R list, is popular for its fine beaches and comely English-speaking girls. But some, like this group of two majors and two non-coms prefer to explore the outback via one of many available flying tours. Here they are entertained by Rancher David Lyons (against wall) and family on his 2,100-acre sheep ranch 227 miles northwest of Sydney.



In Tokyo, Pfc. Sherman Coleman, 20, bought his "fortune" from a monk at the Asakusa Kwannon temple, follows through by tying it to a tree in the courtyard. His volunteer guide is a student interpreter who wanted to practice her English.

Crossing the Chao Phraya River by water taxi to inspect Bangkok's Floating Market, a Marine and two combat engineers take advantage of parasols' friendly shade to get closer to the Thai people.





Lance Corporal Anthony P. Bucello, 18, of The Bronx, and the 1st Marines, is initiated into the intricacies of Thai

cuisine in Bangkok's Baan Thai restaurant, where diners sit on the floor and waitresses deliver food on their knees.

Twenty minutes by taxi from Taipei is Peitou, a hot-sulphur spa with some 75 hotels, among which one of the most rewarding is the Literary Inn. Not every G.I. is inclined to tear

himself away from the pleasures of Taipei to seek it out. But those who do, like Corporal Allen Bailey, 21, a Marine MP from Cincinnati, have never regretted the decision.



chai district. Penang. Kuala Lumpur and Singapore get fewer applicants—mostly those who want to avoid the sight of fellow Americans.

Fastest-rising star is Sydney, Australia, which was only put on the R & R list two months ago; its appeal is great surfing, a change of diet ("No rice on the plate," says one G.I.), and a place where everybody speaks English. Says Lieut. Tom Ryan, of the 1st Airborne Division and Big Rapids, Mich.: "It's great just to see white girls with round eyes again." Major Norman G. Lau-nemeyer of Long Prairie, Minn., a helicopter pilot of the 1st Cavalry Division and a farmer in civilian life, took a day's flying tour to inspect ranches, explaining: "Here I feel like I'm back among my own people." Australians apparently feel the same way. Some 4,000 families have standing offers for visiting G.I.s to live at their homes during their R & R stay.

Midway Rendezvous. Curiously, the biggest R & R city is Honolulu. Its appeal is neither its hula dancers nor its beaches. It is simply that Hawaii is a geographical midway point for a rendezvous with a wife or a sweetheart for five brief days. The expense can be staggering, even though Hawaiian hotels offer a discount to military personnel. But month after month, more R & R-ers (some 7,290-odd) take the long trek to Hawaii than anywhere else.

At the end of their five days, whether their activities have been licit or illicit, cultural or psychedelic, they dutifully turn up at the R & R center for the trip back to Viet Nam, tired, probably broke, but almost certainly happy—or at least, happier.

RESORTS

For the Big Snows, Go West

Across the nation the first big crowds of skiers hit the slopes last week, and the new season was under way. Chances are good that wherever they went, skiers found new lifts, fresh trails, better lodges. But nowhere is the change more dramatic than in the West, where the mountains are higher, the snow deeper, and the enthusiasts are showing up each year in ever increasing numbers. Since

last winter, new resorts have blossomed at Alpentul, Wash., 55 miles east of Seattle in the Cascades, and at Bear Valley, Calif., a remote area in the northern Sierras that boasts the record U.S. annual snowfall—73 ft. in the winter of 1916-07. At Alta, Utah, a 5,100-ft.-long lift has been added to open up the powder-rich Albion Basin, until now accessible only by climbing on skis. Vail, Colo., has developed a whole new mountain called Golden Peak.

The activity is most frantic at Colorado's \$13 million Snowmass-at-Aspen, far and away the biggest new winter resort to be developed since Alec Cushing (TIME cover, Feb. 9, 1959) built up Squaw Valley for the 1960 Olympics. At Snowmass, Bill Janss, 49, a millionaire Los Angeles land developer and onetime U.S. Olympic Team skier, has carved out 2,000 acres of slopes with 50 miles of trails and five double-chair lifts on Mount Baldy (13,162 ft.), which have already matched the ski area of the three nearby mountains served by the town of Aspen proper, ten miles distant (see map).

Frosting the Cake. "You shouldn't open a good resort making excuses, saying 'Here's a little bit of it now, and we'll add the rest some other time,'" Janss explains. To deliver the whole package all at once, he began three years ago to install the lift towers. Then last spring, as soon as the snows melted, he set to work, in partnership with the American Cement Co., to create a new town called West Village. By last week it had grown to five lodges, 118 condominium apartments, six restaurants, 20 shops, a convention center, swimming pool and a skating rink.

Not everything was ready for the opening; plastic still fills some paneless shop windows, and some cinder-block walls are as yet unpainted. But Snowmass was booked to its 1,000 capacity. And to frost the cake, a blanket of feathery snow drifted down over the slopes as the first guests arrived.

What is making Snowmass take off is the reputation of Bill Janss, who with his brother Edwin bought Sun Valley from the Union Pacific in 1964, turned it around from a has-been resort to a year-round success and fa-



JANSS & ERIKSEN AT SNOWMASS
From Fanny Hill to Powderhorn.

vorite Christmas camping ground for the Kennedy clan. Even before Snowmass opened, house lots were bought by Fairchild Camera President Richard Hodgson, Borg-Warner Chairman Robert Ingersoll and Defense Secretary McNamara (whose \$75,000 private lodge has already been completed). The last 40 of the 104 lower-priced condominiums (\$17,000 for a studio-efficiency) were sold out in 24 hours.

Real Belly-Grabber. The other big factor in Snowmass' success is Mount Baldy's fabulous reputation among top skiers. From the warming hut at 11,700 ft., atop an alpine meadow known as Big Burn (so named for a forest fire of a century ago), stretches an expanse of powder a mile wide. Uninterrupted runs? Some of Baldy's trails are over three miles long. From Sam's Knob, the half-way point restaurant, there are 15 runs, ranging from easy intermediate to the expert's "Powderhorn," which ends up in a knee-pounding 35°, 400-yd. schuss that Mountain Manager Jim Snobish describes as "a real belly-grabber." Norwegian Olympic Champion Stein Eriksen, hired away from Vermont's Sugarbush to head the Snowmass Ski School, rates it "as tough as they come."

At Aspen, experts gravitate to Aspen Mountain (known by skiers as "Ajax") or Aspen Highlands; the beginners head for Buttermilk. Baldy will have something for everyone in the family, from the novice's Fanny Hill to the top. Interestingly, Aspen shows little resentment toward its competitive new neighbor. The reasons are simple: Snowmass has hired Aspen's Ski Corp. to manage its mountain, and Aspen is frank in admitting that it had about run out of nearby mountain slopes to develop. In fact, Aspen and Snowmass will mutually honor each other's lift tickets. And to make sure skiers can get around, the two resorts will be linked by a mountaintop helicopter service.



TELEVISION

STARS

The Comedian as Hero

[See Cover]

They'd know that jaunty saunter anywhere. Bob Hope comes onstage with the cocky glide of a golfer who has just knocked off three birdies for a 68 and nailed Arnold Palmer to the clubhouse door. The crooked grin spreads wide, the clear brown eyes stay cool, and the audience roars its welcome; they can hardly wait for Hope to sock it to them. And so he does. Five, six gags a minute. Pertinent, impertinent, leering, perishing. And sometimes plopping, but only for an instant. When he misses, the famous scooped snout shoots

father didn't miss me at Appomattox—I was great!"

Tea Off. At 64, Hope is the Will Rogers of the age, a kind of updated, urbanized farmer's almanac of political and social currents. Rogers was the sty rustic, a humorist with a lariat: Hope is the self-caricaturing sophisticated comic with a paradiddle patter. Rogers was show business, and so is Hope, and they share the same understanding of what is unique in American humor: a healthy irreverence for pomp and position. And they both succeeded by pitching their personalities across the footlights to touch their listeners with something close to folk wisdom. Some

of today's young monologists, in the style of the late Lenny Bruce, specialize in acutely perceived, often bitter commentary, not to say four-letter words. Hope's comedy is broader, less original in viewpoint, but it is almost always clean, just as topical, more deftly timed, and tuned more to the sensibilities of his audiences.

How he manages to deliver a barb without offending is a matter of chemistry that he himself cannot define precisely. "I think it comes from experience," he says. "I know most of these people personally and I know when something will hurt them I can get away with nuances and insinuations that will sting them a little." He is, says a friend, "lethally neutral." Every target—tycoon or President, Republican or Democrat, general or sergeant, victor or vanquished—gets equal time.

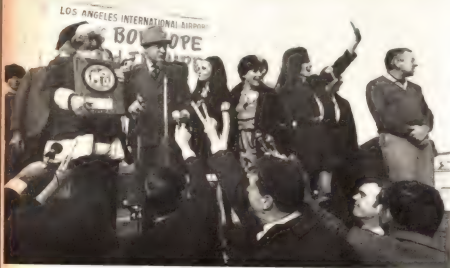
Dollars & Old Shoes. Last week, during his NBC Christmas TV special, Hope played a Santa Claus who gets arrested by Patrolman Phil Silvers for parking on a Los Angeles freeway—hardly a format for getting off cracks about public figures. He did it anyway, by exhibiting gifts from his bag: a special award from the Optimists Club for Harold Stassen; a book of one-syllable words for William F. Buckley Jr.; an electric blanket for Frank Sinatra; a surfboard for General de Gaulle, to be used as a tongue depressor.

He got off a few other good ones during his monologue. De Gaulle, said Hope, is very upset about the British devaluation of the pound. "He wired President Johnson, telling him, 'Lower your dollar,' and Lyndon wired back, 'Up your francs.' De Gaulle also attacked Israel. He's furious because they're occupying his birthplace—Bethlehem."

Closer to home, Hope noted recently at retirement ceremonies for Admiral David I. McDonald that "the admiral wants to introduce a new military concept—victory." Ronald Reagan, says Bob, "has a secret plan to win the war. He will release it just as soon as John Wayne finishes his picture." And how about that White House wedding? "Lynda Bird looked just marvelous, and I'm sure she and General Robb will be happy when they come back from their honeymoon." When the young couple left the White House, "L.B.J. threw a pair of old shoes at them. Unfortunately Hubert was still in them."

Fala & the General. The body of Hope's work is nothing less than an index to history, told in one- and two-liners. Back in the '40s, he reported that in their strategy talks, F.D.R. and Churchill wondered: "When and where will we attack the enemy and how will we keep Eleanor out of the crossfire?" F.D.R.'s Fala was "the only dog to be housebroken on the Chicago Tribune." In 1954, Hope had it "on good authority" that Senator Joe McCarthy is going to disclose the names of 2,000,000 Communists. He just got his hands on a Moscow telephone book.

In those years, too, he noted that



HOPE & TROUPE LEAVING LOS ANGELES FOR VIET NAM.

"Bob wasn't born—he was woven by Betsy Ross."

defiantly skyward, the prognathous jaw drops in mock anguish, or he goes into a stop-action freeze. Sometimes he just repeats the line until the audience gets it. They don't have to laugh of course—but if they don't, it's almost treason.

Probably nobody recalls the sprightly Hope ebullience and the Hope-engendered laughs so well as two generations of U.S. military men. For twelve Christmases straight, Hope has spent the holidays with the troops—in Alaska and Korea, in the Azores and North Africa, in Guadalcanal and London and Viet Nam. Last week, with a company that included Raquel Welch, Miss World (Madeleine Hartog-Bel), Singer Barbara McNair, Bing Crosby's son Phil and Bandleader Les Brown, Hope arrived in Bangkok for his fourth Viet Nam tour. No doubt there will be old soldiers who will tell him that they saw him in Bougainville in 1944 and youngsters who will say that their dads caught his act in Frankfurt. And no doubt Hope will quip that "I hope your grand-

of Hope's lines even sound like Will Rogers." "I like to see politicians with religion," he says. "It keeps their hands out where we can see them."

More than Rogers, Hope has become the friend of politicians and statesmen, tycoons and sportsmen. These are the public figures at whom he tees off at a banquet or on television; yet they cannot wait to tee off with him on the links the next day. He kids the starch out of them, and they feel better for it; a needle from Hope becomes an emblem instead of a scar.

Hope faces his wit with good taste. He may sometimes play the ogling goof, but he is essentially a monologist who portrays no other character than Bob Hope. Jack Benny is a "character" comedian—stingy Jack. Such comics as Danny Kaye, Red Skelton and Jackie Gleason shine best in sketches. Many

From left: Los Angeles Mayor Sam Yorty as Santa Claus; Hope, Miss World Madeleine Hartog-Bel, Raquel Welch (waving) and Bandleader Les Brown (far right).

"the workers love Khrushchev very much. He hasn't got an enemy in the entire country. Quite a few under it." And Dwight Eisenhower was always "the pro from the White House. I knew him when he was a general—he had authority then." In the '60s, Hope declared that he had "played the South Pacific while Lieut. John Kennedy was there, and he was a very gay, carefree young man. Of course, all he had to worry about then was the enemy."

As a social commentator, Hope dares more than anyone else in show business to throw a pie in the industry's face. As emcee at the Oscar award ceremonies one year, he observed that "this is the night when war and politics are forgotten, and we find out who we really hate." For years he has kidded General David Sarnoff, who takes both his brigadier's star and position as RCA board chairman with great seriousness. But even Sarnoff chuckles when Hope whips out with: "When I started with the NBC network, he was using the enlisted-men's washroom." And he has certainly had the last say on the progress of television. After Newton Minow's 1961 complaint that TV was a "vast wasteland," Hope measured television's subsequent progress and concluded: "Mr. Newton Minow is a man of high ideals, whose needling, prodding and constructive suggestions have led our great industry up the path to *The Beverly Hillsbillies*."

Good News. Nor does he spare the troops. In Viet Nam last Christmas, Hope told them that "it's such a thrill to see the Huntley-Brinkley show performed live. But you better get on the ball. If you don't get better ratings, this whole war may be canceled." Hope also had "good news" for the boys: "The country is behind you—50%."

Between shows, he spins through the hospitals, where he makes it a point to give the wounded everything but sympathy. "That's the last thing they want," he says. So he deliberately throws open the door of a ward and yells: "Okay, fellows, don't get up!" To a G.I. who has lost an arm: "You'll do anything to avoid the draft, won't you?" To another: "Did you see the show this evening, or were you already sick?" In the hospitals or in the field, it is not the cheers or the applause that affects Hope most, but "when one of those thick-necked kids come up to you, touches your sleeve and says 'Thanks,' that's gotta break you up."

The Ambassador. Serves him right. Hope has been breaking up audiences for nearly 50 years. Even his fellow showfolk, notoriously envious of talent, get practically blubbery about him. "You spell Bob Hope C-L-A-S-S," says Lucille Ball. Adds Joey Bishop: "I'd like to get the applause at the end of my show that he gets before he opens his mouth." Woody Allen, himself a gag writer as well as performer, says: "He has been a terrific influence on every stand-up, one-line monologist. The thing which makes him great just can't be sto-

len or imitated." Jack Benny, Hope's warmest admirer, says: "It's not enough just to get laughs. The audience has to love you, and Bob gets love as well as laughs from his audiences."

Watching Hope among people, says Artist Marion Pike, a family friend, is "a most moving experience." As he ambles through a crowd, eyes light and smiles turn on in swift progression, like a series of lamps brightening up a corridor. What the crowds, large or small, recognize is not only a man who has made them laugh but one who, without sentimentality, ostentation or ballyhoo, has become a national hero. The trophy room in Hope's North Hollywood home is filled like an overendowed museum with awards, honorary degrees and gifts that would be the envy of a Nobel prizewinner. One of them is the gold medal, voted by Congress and presented to him by President Kennedy in 1963, honoring him as "America's most prized Ambassador of Good Will." It gave Hope "one sobering thought. I received this for going outside the country. I think they are trying to tell me something."

John D. What they are trying to tell him, says a friend, is that "Bob wasn't born—he was woven by Betsy Ross." Actually, she only adopted him. Bob was born Leslie Townes Hope in a London suburb in 1903. Hope's own statement notwithstanding, his great-grandfather was not "a lookout for Lady Chatterley." His father, though, was a stonemason who took his family to Cleveland when Leslie was four.

For a time, it looked as if the kid was headed for trouble. He and his pals raised quite a bit of hell, hanging around pool parlors (where Bob became a pretty good hustler), swiping things from the local stores. He straightened out soon enough, and for a while sold newspapers on a street corner. John D. Rockefeller used to come by in his chauffeured car every day to pick up his 2¢ paper. One rainy afternoon the old millionaire handed Bob a dime. Hope had no change, so he offered to trust Rockefeller for the money. "He wouldn't hear of it," recalls Bob, "and so I had to run about 50 yards through the rain to a grocery store to break the dime. When I gave him his change, he thanked me and said, 'Always deal in cash, son,' and drove off."

Thigh-Slappers. Hope gave up journalism for a succession of other careers. As a soda jerk he was just a squirt. He laid an egg as a chicken plucker. As for boxing—well, as he says, "that's where I learned to waltz."

Perhaps that's what made him try show biz. He had won money in the Charlie Chaplin impersonation contests that were the craze at local vaudeville houses. Midway in his junior year at East High School, he dropped out to become a dancer at Cleveland's Bandbox Theater. His partners in subsequent years included a pair of Siamese twins and a neighborhood girl, Mildred Rosenquist. Years later, Hope said that



IN BRITAIN (1944)



WITH MARILYN MAXWELL IN KOREA (1950)



IN VIET NAM (1966)
Everything but sympathy.

"we would make seven or eight bucks, and I would split it with her." Mildred, now a California housewife, challenges that claim to this day. "Bob told me that we were playing for charity," she says. "He kept the money." The two were engaged for a few years, but Mildred broke it off. Her mother had said: "Don't marry him; he'll never amount to anything."

And who could dispute it? Hooper Hope seemed to be going nowhere. At one desperate point, he took an ad in *Variety*: YES HOPE AVAILABLE; SONGS, PATTERN AND ECCENTRIC DANCING. Little by little he began to work comedy into his act. Straight man: "Where do the bugs go in the wintertime?" Hope: "Search me." Such thigh-slappers somehow emboldened him to try it as a single, and soon he turned up as a black-face emcee. Before he was 30, Bob (a name he thought sounded more "hiya fellas" than Les) was playing the Palace. Later, he was billed with another vaudeville hopeful, Bing Crosby. In his first Broadway show, *Roberta*, in 1933 (with Fred MacMurray and George Murphy), Hope played a Joe College-type handfeeder. His best line was pure Hope: "Long dresses don't bother me; I've got a good memory." It was also in that year that Murphy took Hope around to a nightclub to hear New York City-born singer Dolores Reade. They dated, and were married in 1934. Says Bob today: "George Murphy introduced me to my wife, but I voted for him anyway."

Gold Rush. A few years later, Paramount cast Bob in *The Big Broadcast of 1938*. Hope remembers it as "the first major picture that didn't win me an Oscar—and they say history repeats itself." About all that anyone else remembers is the song that he introduced in it, *Thanks for the Memory*. In 1939, Hope, Crosby and Dorothy Lamour were signed for *The Road to Singapore* (two other comedy teams—Burns and Allen, and Fred MacMurray and Jack Oakie—refused to touch it).

As late-show fans of the *Road* cycle know, gags took precedence over plot, locale and plausibility. Lamour would pop up in snowy Alaska during the Klondike gold rush wearing a sarong. The main goal of Hope and Crosby seemed to be to step on each other's lines, and the script was a dead letter. Once, when the writer happened onto the set, Hope called: "If you hear any of your own dialogue, yell bingo." A typical exchange, from *Road to Utopia*—Lamour: "You're facetious." Hope: "Keep politics out of this." Yet by 1962, when the great chase and all the hokey detours finally ended with *The Road to Hong Kong*, the seven *Road* shows had grossed over \$50 million.

Pow, Pow, Pow. At the same time, Hope was concentrating on mastering radio. He had misfired on his first guest shots in the mid-'30s. "I tried to do a relaxed, slow format like Jack Benny," he says, "but it wasn't right for me."

Slowly, he evolved the technique of



HOOFING AT 18

"Where do bugs go in wintertime?"

the trip-hammer monologue that was to propel him to the top of the Hooperatings. On his premiere in 1938, he opened: "How do you do, ladies and gentlemen. This is Bob Hope." That was followed by a single laugh from a stooge in the studio. "Not yet, Charlie," said Bob, "but don't leave!" Later, he started like a string of Chinese firecrackers: "Hello, folks, this is Bob Pepsodent Hope." Pow, pow, pow—joke, joke, joke. And a lot of them were dogs, dogs, dogs. Some friends "had a very exclusive wedding," went one. "They threw a Chinaman with every grain of rice." Or: "I want to tell you, ladies and gentlemen, that we're broad-



SWINGING AT 64

"Search me."

casting from NBC's new Hollywood studios... a big beautiful building. They tell me it cost more than Mrs. Roosevelt's annual train fee." And the one about the excessive gadgetry in the new cars: "I pushed one button and opened a WPA bridge in Salt Lake City."

Much later, during the Truman Administration, Bob told his radio audience: "I loved the April Fools' gag a fellow pulled in Washington. He walked into the White House and said he was from Missouri, and before he could hold 'April fool!' he was a Cabinet member." By that time, Hope and his sidekicks—popeyed, siren-throated Jerry Colonna, Brenda and Cobina, and Band-leader Skinny Ennis—had turned Tuesday into Bob Hope night in the U.S. Every Wednesday morning in those days, the Dow-Jones stock ticker used to carry the best of his jokes. During his ten years as toothpaste salesman, he claims, Pepsodent leapfrogged from No. 6 in sales to No. 1.

Benefits & Bundles. The day the draft began in 1940, Hope stepped up to the front lines of G.I. audiences. Beginning in March 1941, his weekly broadcasts originated from military bases. By the time of Pearl Harbor, he had won his first special Oscar (for good works), had already been honored with citations from the Greek War Relief Committee, Bundles for Britain, the Canadian Victory Loan Drive and President Roosevelt. During World War II, he traveled more than a million miles to deliver his smiles.

The armies he entertained became his postwar army of fans. Hope's early memoir, *I Never Left Home*, sold 1,600,000 copies, royalties for which he turned over to the National War Fund. By 1949, his movies—*Monsieur Beaucaire*, *The Paleface*, *Sorrowful Jones*, *My Favorite Brunette*—had established him as Hollywood's top box-office draw. The next year, he decided to get into TV "before Milton Berle uses up all my material," NBC paid him \$40,000 for his first special. That same year, he won a Peabody Award for *The Quick and the Dead*, a four-part radio documentary on atomic energy, produced by Fred Friendly.

College Rounds. Nowadays, Hope has given up radio, but has increased his TV specials to nine a year, in addition to guest shots. Just a few weeks ago, busy as he was putting together his Viet Nam touring company, he taped a *Hollywood Palace* show with Crosby for ABC as well as his own NBC Christmas show. He also cranks out a movie a year, the last few of which have been excessively cornball—an embarrassment to his old fans. *The Private Navy of Sgt. O'Farrell*, which he just wrapped up this month with Phyllis Diller, is likely to be more of the same.

It may be that Hope gets more kicks from working live than on film. "You do a movie," he says, "and you have to

"And made *TIME's* cover (Sept. 20, 1943).

TIME, DECEMBER 22, 1967

wait to find out if it's any good. But personal appearances, that's instant satisfaction." He likes to perform in public for young people, and lately has been making the college rounds. A recent opener at U.C.L.A.: "Before it's too late, I want to make one thing clear—the only thing I'm recruiting here tonight is laughs."

And he'll go to remarkable lengths to get them, too. Once, Hope's plane circled for hours over a camp in Alaska before it was finally guided to a safe landing by a searchlight from a nearby mountain. After the performance ("Brace up, you're God's frozen people!"), Hope asked about the searchlight crew, pushed up to the outpost and performed a second show—for two lonely, grateful men. In 1963, just before his annual Christmas tour, Hope suffered a blood clot in his left eye. Doc-

the others work in teams. For this week's Viet Nam trip, the writers huddled for four days and then brought their work to the boss. At the first read-through, Hope wrote an X beside the jokes that sounded most viable. Then he read again, placing a second X beside the better lines. On a third run-through, he circled the best of the lot. Of the thousand he started with, he will use only about 25 or 30 per show.

The remainder could fuel a whole career for a lesser comic, but Hope never sells his jokes or throws them away. They are filed, by subject matter, in a vault in his home, but he never forgets them. His writers marvel that Hope

the runway." Still, none of his friends doubt that Bob can write his own. Once, when he arrived at a golf course in England, where he was to play a charity match, he discovered that his caddy would be an elderly Scotsman. Hope asked the old man about his experience. The Scotsman explained that he had been there for 45 years and knew every roll of the green. Then Hope asked: "How are you at finding balls?" "Very good," replied the caddy. "Then find one," said Hope, "and we'll start."

Pretty Sneaky. Next to performing, golf rules Hope's life. On his eight-acre estate in an otherwise middle-class neighborhood, the prized outdoor possession is not the swimming pool but a well-trimmed one-hole golf course. Soon Hope will build a large house in Palm Springs, Calif., that will cost close



WITH BENNY ON RADIO (1943)



WITH CROSBY IN "ROAD TO RIO" (1947)



WITH SILVERS ON TV (1967)

"If you hear any of your own dialogue, yell bingo."

tors saved his sight with laser-beam surgery. While he was recuperating, his U.S.O. company went on without him to Ankara. Hope flew to Germany, where an Air Force plane picked him up and ferried him to Turkey. "He looked like a sick man," says one of his assistants, "but when he walked on the stage, the roar that went up from those people was probably the world's greatest therapy. From that moment on, you could physically see the change. He was his old self, rarin' to go."

Writers Squad. To the show-business professionals who have watched him work, Hope's old self is a remarkable study in technique—the powerful pause, the swift switch in subject matter, bridged by "And I wanna tell you . . ." or "And how about . . ." Although he is an extraordinarily witty man offstage, his schedule requires the support of a squad of writers who whack out jokes literally by the thousands. They earn in the thousands, too; his writers' payroll runs to about \$500,000 a year. Of his seven current gamemen, one, Norman Sullivan, has been with Hope for 30 years. Sullivan and

can flip through dozens of gags as the occasion arises, and let loose like a slot machine gone ape.

NAFT, Fellas. His writers are always expected to be on hand for work. Bob once telephoned a gagman who was on his honeymoon, "I trust," said Hope slyly, "that I'm not interrupting anything." The writers have their own word for Hope's emergency cult: **NAFT**—meaning Need A Few Things, fellas. Last month, when Hope was in London playing the Royal Variety show, he put in a NAFT call to Writer Mort Luchman in Hollywood. "How about a few gags about me and four other guys sharing a dressing room?" Within an hour, the boys phoned back with five quickies ("The committee gave me a dressing room with four guys and Tanya the elephant, got up and opened the window.")

On a military tour with his writers, Hope noticed that his airplane was going to land on grass. "Quick," he said, "gimme a coupla grass-runway jokes!" As soon as he landed, he quipped: "I want to thank the fellas who mowed

to a million dollars; there he will have a chip-and-putt pad. He is a member of 18 country clubs. If he cannot find time to play 18 holes every day, he at least manages to hit a bucket of balls at a driving range. At times, he often drifts over to his putting green at night in his pajamas.

He may toss off a few fast gags on the golf course, but his opponents take him seriously. He shoots steadily in the 70s and low 80s; his handicap has gone up from four to nine. Says Pal Bing Crosby: "I'd rather have him as a partner than as an opponent." That's because Hope can be pretty sneaky. "He'll get out there on the first tee," says Crosby, "and try to make a match. The first thing he does is talk his opponents out of their handicaps."

Without claiming his handicap, Hope has beaten Ben Hogan over nine holes, has tied Arnold Palmer. Once, he took \$1,800 from Sportsman-Builder Del Webb, who now says, slyly: "When you play with Hope, keep your hand on your wallet." Dolores Hope, a 13-handicap golfer herself, says she won't play with Bob again until he pays her

the dollar she won in their last game: Bob just grumps. Jackie Gleason says that "Bob's only departure from sanity is his insistence that he can beat me." Gleason and Hope once played a charity match in Florida. Hope dumped three shots in the water on the ninth hole. "He kept expecting me to say something," says Gleason, "but I just sat there serenely puffing on a cigarette. When he finally got over the water, I just said, 'Nice shot.' It killed him."

It kills Hope to concede a putt, too. Most players will do so if the distance between ball and cup is "within the leather"—the length measured from the bottom of the handgrip to the club head. Not Bob; he always insists on

than on the air. Richard Berg, who produced *Bob Hope Presents the Chrysler Theater* for TV, says he "has a very crisp approach and a totally organized mind. He's not an easy man to please; you know he's measuring, testing you all the time."

Soft Shoe. Hope could have retired years ago, but it was not only his enjoyment of show business that prevented it. Too many people are dependent on him; besides, he says, "I've got a government to support." His gifts to charity are calculated in their entirety only by Hope, but unquestionably they run into the millions of dollars. He recently donated \$802,000 to S.M.U. for a theater, \$125,000 to the Los Angeles Music

He supports the widow of his longtime pressagent who died several years ago.

"If I quit," says Hope, "I'd fall apart." He tends to get sick on vacations, though he does go fishing about once a year. It's hardly any fun, he complains, "the fish don't applaud." His stamina comes from golf, a lot of walking and a lot of working. He'll launch into an old soft-shoe step while on the phone, sleeps irregularly but can cork off for a few seconds any old time. Wherever he goes, he takes his masseur, Fred Miron, who gives Hope a 45-minute rub every day. He loves practical jokes and mechanical toys; one favorite is a battery-driven Frankenstein monster that moves its arms and head in grisly fashion for about 30 seconds, then drops its pants and blushes.

Map Pins. On his travels, he loves to send postcards to friends. He is a lapsed Presbyterian, while Dolores takes her Catholicism very seriously. Once, on a trip to South America with Dolores, Bob sent a postcard to a pal. On one side was a photograph of Rio's Christ the Redeemer statue. On the other side, he wrote: "Look who met us at the pier. Was Dolores thrilled!"

In a business where marriages are made and dropped like options, the Hopes are an exceptional family. Despite Bob's peripatetic life, they have managed to raise a fine family of four adopted youngsters. Linda is a bright, smashing 28-year-old blonde who is working at becoming a documentary film maker. Tony, 27, recently got married, is a Harvard Law graduate working at 20th Century-Fox. Nora, 21, is a lively chick who is a secretary at Manhattan's Columbia Presbyterian Hospital. Kelly, 21, is a Navy seaman, freshly graduated from the Underwater Warfare School in San Diego.

Linda, shamelessly swiping two of her dad's oldest gaps, reports that "he is out of town so much it's a full-time job for us to keep moving the pins on the map. I was twelve before I learned that he wasn't an airline pilot." Nevertheless, Hope has never missed a crucial or ceremonial family occasion—except for Christmas, which the Hopes save for New Year's Day. And besides, what the children and Dolores share with Bob they refuse to measure in geographical distances.

Not long ago, Hope and Jack Benny were sitting in a studio while a young rock group was rehearsing. The two old gammen observed and listened to the zippy youthfulness of the kids with some bemusement. At length, Hope turned to Benny and asked, "Jack, do you realize how fortunate we are that the audiences still want us?" Dolores puts it another way. "What Bob means to America," she says, "is simply what his name means—hope." Or perhaps it's just as Kelly and Nora Hope concluded many years ago when they were little kids. Kelly was overheard asking Nora: "Is everybody in the world Catholic?" "Yes," replied Nora, "everybody but Daddy. He's a comedian."



WITH DOLORES AT TONY'S WEDDING

"George Murphy introduced me to my wife, but I voted for him anyway."

measuring with whatever club has the longest grip.

A Nose for Land. After golf, Hope's favorite game is Monopoly—played with real money. He's got a nose for real estate properties as well as jokes. With Crosby, years ago, he got into a Texas oil deal that later brought him about \$3,000,000. His business firm, Bob Hope Enterprises, owns 8,000 acres in Palm Springs, \$35 million in property in Thousand Oaks near Los Angeles, 4,000-5,000 acres near Phoenix, more than 7,500 acres in the San Fernando Valley, 1,500 acres in Malibu, scattered properties in Burbank and the rest of Southern California and in Puerto Rico, and interests in the Cleveland Indians baseball team, a race track and a variety of broadcasting properties. These holdings, added to his homes in North Hollywood and Palm Springs, contribute to a net worth approaching \$500 million.

Though he has a staff of managers and other aides, Hope himself is the key to the whole enterprise. More than one corporation boss has suggested that Bob is supremely capable of running any kind of major business. RCA Board Chairman David Sarnoff says that he is even slicker at the negotiating table

Center. He gave 80 acres of land worth \$500,000 in Palm Springs for an Eisenhower Medical Center, helped build a Catholic church in Formosa, was U.S. chairman of the Cerebral Palsy Foundation and the National Conference of Christians and Jews. He is a patsy for just about any call for a benefit performance or public function—a dinner for an old friend, a White House invitation, a sports-award shindig. Sometimes, when a benefit fails to raise its quota, Bob will write a personal check for the difference. Though he gets \$20,000 to \$25,000 for a college date, he always turns the check back to the college scholarship fund.

He has a legendary loyalty to his old vaudeville cronies, his brothers, a distant kin, in-laws of distant kin, acquaintances, agents and NBC ("30 unbroken years, and I've enjoyed every dollar of the relationship"). His wardrobe girl is an invalid who works from a wheelchair. He has seen to it that his old sidekick, Jerry Colonna, semiparalyzed by a stroke, gets plenty of work.

James and George help manage some of Bob's business properties. Fred runs Ohio's biggest meat-distributing firm, and Ivor heads a metal-sales company there.

THE THEATER

BALLET

Christmas Ritual

As sure as street-corner Santas or mobile displays in the frosted windows of department stores, *The Nutcracker* ballet has become an accepted ritual of a big-city Christmas. This year, *Nutcracker* is being presented in 100 cities from coast to coast—almost everywhere, in fact, that there is a dance troupe with the will and skill to try it.

Of all the versions of the ballet, none captures its wand-waving magic better than George Balanchine's resetting of the original Petipa-Ivanov choreography. First mounted in 1954 by the New York City Ballet at what was then a budget-straining \$80,000, *The Nutcracker* not only paid itself off but also became the struggling company's annual financial breadwinner. By the end of this season's run, the New York City Ballet will have done its Christmas-fide perennial 519 times—roughly five times as often as the runner-up favorite in the repertory, *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The charm of the piece is transparent. It is a child's fantasy of the enchanted world of the imagination, perfectly in tune with Tchaikovsky's lush score. Virtually devoid of formal dances, Act I celebrates an old-fashioned Christmas party. There is a Christmas tree loaded with glittering baubles, and around the foot of it are stacks of presents, wrapped and heribonned. Onto the stage carom a troupe of children who do not precisely dance but who do entrance. Pantomime pre-empt's dance with considerable amusement, especially when the boys, decked out as cadets, do valorous battle with an invading army of supermice.

As Act I ends, the Christmas tree begins to grow miraculously from the stage floor, increasing in size from 12 feet to a spectacular 40. Suddenly, everyone appears to be transported to the North Pole as a blizzard of white confetti makes the stage seem like the palace of a snow king. The second act décor—by Rouhen Ter-Artounian—becomes a confectioner's delight, filigreed with sugarplums, rings and sweets. Through this magic world of props whirl the adult dancers in a series of numbers that are as vivid and varied as circus turns. Corps de ballet numbers like the *Snowflake Waltz* find the dancers shimmering as elusively as moonlight on water; the acrobatic *élan* of a hoop dance would put show-off sidewalk urchins to shame.

To dance purists, the ballet is familiarly known as "Nuts," and some have even suggested that it be dropped permanently from the repertory. That would be like abolishing the night before Christmas. If there is any risk a parent runs in taking his child to see *The Nutcracker*, it is that Christmas itself may seem a trifle anticlimactic.



WALTZ OF THE SNOWFLAKES IN "NUTCRACKER"
Bread from the sugarplum.

THE LONDON STAGE

A Streetcar Named Despair

It was startling enough that the world première of a new Tennessee Williams play should take place in the relative obscurity of a London experimental theater. It was even more surprising that Michael Redgrave and Alec Guinness should both have rejected the proffered male lead. Unusual also was the fact that critics were barred from attending the first two weeks of a limited 34-week run. Most of the reviewers, moreover, were nonplused by a play that lacked the familiar shape and sound of a Williams drama. "Seldom, even in the half-light of the theater, have I seen an audience as patently perplexed as this one," wrote Herbert Kretzmer of the Daily Express. "It would need a psychoanalyst—and preferably Tennessee Williams' own—to offer a rational interpretation of the enigmas that litter the stage like pieces of an elaborate jigsaw."

This dramatic jigsaw is called *The Two Character Play*, and it has only

two players—a brother and sister named Felice and Clare. He is the manager and leading man and she the leading lady of a dramatic troupe playing an engagement in a fortress-like theater in a grimly foreign, extremely cold town. The pair have just been deserted by the rest of the company with a farewell telegram charging that they are insane. Since the "audience" is already filling into the theater, Felice and Clare have no choice but to put on an item in their repertory called "The Two Character Play."

Native Country. The play-within-a-play takes place on a blazing August day in a U.S. Southern town. The two characters are a brother and sister who fear that they are mad. They also believe that all the neighbors think them mad and thus never leave their home. Their torment is increased by the suggestion of incest, and by the fact that their father killed their mother and committed suicide. Outwardly, this seems like native dramatic country for Tennessee Williams. But the new note is a Pirandellian ambiguity as the characters continually shift between their two poles of reality. Are these actors playing a mad brother and sister, or are they a mad brother and sister playing actors? In any event, the psychic locale of the play is a kind of streetcar named despair; the loaded revolver that glints with menace in the closing scene of the play could go off with equal accuracy in either the scorching Southern town or the icy theater.

The dialogue marks a change of voice for Williams, in that he varies his rich, sustained melodic line with bursts of terse, economic verbal counterpoint between the two actors. In the London production, Mary Ure and Peter Wyngarde were critically acclaimed for the sure-footed skill they displayed in handling the rapid-fire crisscross of dialogue. There are no present plans for an American production, but it would be peculiarly ironic if Broadway were to receive the work of the finest living U.S. playwright as still another British import.



URE & WYNGARDE IN "PLAY"
New voice, new note.

THE PRESS

REPORTING

Speed for Sale

To most Americans, Reuters news service evokes images of far-distant lands and exotic exploits amid steamy jungles and lonely paddies. Oldtimers can probably remember Edward G. Robinson, playing Julius Reuter, receiving the news of Lincoln's assassination hours before anyone else from an agent who threw his dispatches over a liner's rail at Southampton. Before too long, however, the service will be associated with images much closer at hand. Last September, for the first time, Reuters started offering U.S. news to subscribers in direct competition with A.P. and U.P.I. This January it will launch a

Risky Gamble. Reuters is aware that its U.S. venture is a gamble, one made all the riskier by the fact that devaluation has hoisted its expenses 17%. Nobody has especially high hopes for the general news service, which will be competing not only with the U.S. wire services but with the supplementary news services of the New York Times and the Los Angeles Times-Washington Post as well. The financial wire is another matter. Reuters has signed up 100 clients, mostly brokers. Others have expressed interest. Wall Street is always greedy for news that will help make money, and Dow-Jones has grown a mite complacent over the years without any competition. "All Reuters needs is a couple of beats and it's made."



FOUNDER REUTER (c. 1890)



UNDERHILL



LONG

A couple of beats, and they've got it made.

U.S. financial news wire in competition with Dow-Jones. "The U.S. is the biggest news producer and consumer in the world," says Reuters General Manager Gerald Long. "I have always believed we had to go in."

The move is not entirely voluntary. Since the 1930s, U.S.-based A.P. and British-based Reuters have swapped domestic news in order to avoid setting up duplicate bureaus in both countries. But the deal became lopsided as more news originated in the U.S. and less in Britain. Last year the A.P. demanded an extra fee from Reuters to continue the arrangement. Rather than pay, Reuters decided to expand its own small news-gathering operation in the U.S. Similarly, last April A.P. linked up with Dow-Jones to provide an international financial news service, a field in which it had no serious rivals. Reuters replied by challenging Dow-Jones in the U.S.

says a Merrill Lynch broker. It is likely to get them. A staff of 70 will scout New York City and Washington for business news. Reuters will use Ultronic teletypewriters capable of printing 100 words a minute, as compared with the current Dow-Jones rate of 60 words a minute.

The speediest delivery of the news has been the aim of Reuters ever since 1850, when founder Julius Reuter filled a gap in the telegraphic system between Aachen and Brussels with 40 pigeons, which winged stock-market news at the rate of 37 miles an hour. Graduating from pigeons to cable service, Reuters moved to London in 1858 and expanded along with the British Empire. Reuters became, in fact, the voice of empire, taking the part of Britain in its quarrels around the world. Not until 1941, when the service was bought by a group of London pub-

lishers and turned into a cooperative, did it establish its independence. Since then, it has made a name for itself by getting the news out of remote parts of Asia and Africa that have not been—or cannot be—covered by anybody else. The third largest wire service in the world after A.P. and U.P.I., Reuters today has 440 full-time staffers, about half of them British, who serve 6,551 newspapers around the world.

Metaphors Are Out. The 65 U.S. papers that subscribe to Reuters value it for speed and clarity. It beat other agencies by 15 minutes in reporting the heart-transplant operation in Cape Town. It not only was speedy in reporting the Mideast war, it also provided crisp summaries instead of the conflicting versions that some of the other agencies tended to turn out. For maximum efficiency, Reuters tries to write a story as straight as possible with a minimum of colloquialisms and metaphors. Copy has to be easily translatable without a turn of phrase that will make trouble. Such is the leanness of its prose that one staffer maintains that by comparison A.P. is "colorful"—a compliment seldom paid that service.

In preparation for its U.S. invasion, Reuters has demanded more organized stories from its correspondents. "It is no longer an undigested flow of information," says Managing Editor Stuart Underhill. Since Reuters will not be able to provide as much U.S. coverage as A.P. or even U.P.I., it will "aim to skim the cream off the news," says Underhill. Already cream-skimming, Reuters has occasionally sent a U.S. news item to London, which relays it back to U.S. subscribers before they can get the news on the clogged A.P. wire. It's a matter of technique above anything else, but to Erwin D. Canham, editor in chief of the Christian Science Monitor, it means that "Reuters has a better knowledge of the communications art than American services."

PUBLISHING

Paying Taxes on Nonprofits

Magazines published by tax-free organizations may not make profits, but some of those that take advertising certainly make money. By the end of the year, the *Journal of the American Medical Association* will have sold some \$12 million worth of ads; the *National Geographic* will have taken in an estimated \$8.6 million in advertising revenue; *Nation's Business*, published by the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, should earn \$4,000,000 from ads; and the American Association for the Advancement of Science's *Science* will probably have ad revenues of \$2.2 million. For years, taxpaying competitors of these publications complained that their tax-free status enabled them to charge less for comparable ad space.

The Internal Revenue Service agreed, and last week issued a new regulation

imposing taxes on the advertising income of the nonprofit journals. The tax will be calculated at the normal rate of 22% of the first \$25,000 of taxable ad income, 48% on taxable revenues over \$25,000. The publications will be able to deduct a standard \$1,000, plus all expenses involved in selling advertising, plus all editorial costs above and beyond the income from subscriptions. A carryover tax deduction will be allowed if there is a net loss due to advertising expenses—but not if a loss is incurred because of editorial expenses.

Some of the publications affected by the new regulation will doubtless challenge it in court, and several bills have been introduced in Congress to restore the tax exemption. It is estimated that the new regulation will recover some \$10 million in taxes. "But the primary objective," says IRS Commissioner Sheldon Cohen, "is not to add to tax revenues but to eliminate a source of unfair competition."

COLUMNISTS

Civilized Eye on the Jungle

No U.S. President of this century has received more personal vilification from press and public than Lyndon Johnson. Since most of the name-calling—though not all of it—emanates from the left, it is all the more surprising that one of the strongest cases for the President is consistently made by a liberal commentator who disapproves of the war in Viet Nam. *The New Yorker's* Richard H. Rovere, 52, has defended the President simply by keeping him in perspective, by showing that his record does not begin and end with his military policies in Viet Nam.

At the same time that Johnson has been prosecuting an unpopular war, Rovere recently reminded *New Yorker* readers, the President has also pressed for relaxed relations with the Soviet Union and expanded trade with Eastern Europe. While supporting a military junta in South Viet Nam, his administration has aided several socialist governments in Africa and supported the Congolese government against white mercenaries. Domestically, he has surmounted problems that stymied his predecessors. His ingenuity was on display, for example, when he bypassed Congress to reorganize the government of the District of Columbia and give it a start toward home rule. "In any other period," writes Rovere, "this would seem a rather large and dramatic accomplishment." In the current frantic atmosphere, "it was treated as no more than a triviality."

The Need to Philander. Pervasive distrust of Johnson is almost a national calamity, writes Rovere. Yet L.B.J.'s credibility gap is at worst only slightly greater than that of his predecessors. "A head of state—particularly in a diverse and democratic society," says Rovere, "is necessarily a kind of philanderer, and in dealing with his numerous mis-

resses, or constituencies, he is bound to make false professions of one sort or another." Johnson is faulted for letting Defense Secretary McNamara go, writes Rovere, but the remarkable fact is that he has kept on many Kennedy appointees who might have left earlier if Kennedy were still President. Those who have resigned he has generally replaced with men of equal ability. "If it weren't for the war in Viet Nam," says Rovere, "he would be a great President. Despite Viet Nam, he may look like a great President 20 years from now."

At a time of anguish over Viet Nam, the commentator who can disparage the war yet admire the man who wages it is a rarity. Yet Rovere has made a career of putting politics in perspective without being any the less interesting for his balance. Not that balance was his first approach to politics. Like many another

DAVID S. KAY



RICHARD ROVERE

Reminders of the real record.

intellectual New York boy of his time, he flirted briefly with Communism in the '30s and wrote for the *New Masses* until the Nazi-Soviet pact disillusioned him. After short stints with more conventional publications, he joined *The New Yorker* in 1944, and has strayed only rarely to write an occasional piece for other publications.

With its emphasis on idiosyncrasy of personality and its aversion to political rhetoric, *The New Yorker* has been just the right vehicle for Rovere. Commuting not too frequently between his home in Dutchess County and Washington, he writes one piece a month on the average, and avoids the scramble for news in the nation's capital. This limits his audience, but it is an urbane and important one. "He casts a very civilized eye on what to all of us here is the jungle," says Washington Columnist Joseph Kraft. "He is one of the most sophisticated men writing on politics."

Begotters of Violence. Rovere's views on politics and people have held up well over the years. His books of collected columns (*The Eisenhower Years*, *Senator Joe McCarthy*, *The American Establishment*, *The Goldwater Capers*) are worthy guides to the eras they describe. Only *The General and the President*, a biography of Douglas MacArthur that he co-authored with Arthur Schlesinger Jr., is less than fair to its subject. Never one to join his fellow liberals in wholesale condemnation of the Eisenhower Administration, Rovere gave it credit for easing tensions, creating a "new consensus" after years of dangerous divisiveness, and—despite bellicose talk—pursuing a steady and relatively peaceful foreign policy. At the same time, he faulted like for failing to "keep abreast of the intellectual ferment, the technological ferment, the struggles for equality."

Nobody has put McCarthyism into perspective more astutely than Rovere, and his interpretation of McCarthy as an adventurer without much plan or purpose is now widely accepted. "It was a striking feature of McCarthy's victories and of the surrenders he collected," wrote Rovere, "that they were mostly won in battles over matters of an almost comic insignificance. His *causes célèbres* were *causes ridicules*." But it is the danger of McCarthyism was exaggerated, he feels the present era is genuinely frightening. Such is the rancor of anti-Johnson protesters that Rovere actually fears for the safety of the President if he campaigns in the big cities next year. Begotters of violence are everywhere on hand. "The protest movement," he says, "is desperate for martyrs."

His own opposition to the war in Viet Nam stems more from a consideration of internal U.S. politics than of international factors. In a recent eloquent article, he expressed doubt that the U.S. could long support such a war without profound internal alteration—and not necessarily for the better. "Both the best and worst spirits among us are turning inward more than they were before, and are given more to seeking individual grace and salvation—and avoiding external responsibility."

Yet in this revolution against the war, Rovere discerns some signs for hope. Almost everybody from the President on down, he feels, favors keeping the war limited. The President not only avoids patriotic rhetoric in defense of his policy; he even makes speeches against war. "Those who support the war, like those who oppose it, appeal not to the patriotic heart but to the bleeding one. This is without precedent. This seems to be the first war of modern times in which all the leaders of a large belligerent power agree that there is no glory in it for any of them. Among politicians competing for public favor, hawks and doves are in conflict only over means; their common end is to get it over with as soon as possible."

SCIENCE

MOLECULAR BIOLOGY

Closer to Synthetic Life

Since the dawn of science, one of mankind's most impossible dreams has been the creation of life in a test tube. Last week scientists moved a step closer to making the dream possible. In Palo Alto, two biochemists at the Stanford University School of Medicine reported that they had successfully synthesized a virus that could both infect bacteria and reproduce itself.

Stanford's 1959 Nobel Laureate Arthur Kornberg and Biochemist Mehran Goulian began their historic synthesis with four off-the-shelf inert chemical compounds called nucleotides—the basic building block of the DNA molecule, which controls the hereditary characteristics of every living thing. To these they added one enzyme, DNA po-

lieve, were caused by enzyme impurities in the DNA polymerase. To avoid this pitfall, the Stanford team had concentrated on the complete purification of its DNA polymerase, but could not be certain that their effort had paid off without calling in expert help.

Some Day, Cancer. Separating the synthetic DNA molecules from the natural ones, the researchers sent frozen samples to Pasadena's California Institute of Technology, where Biophysicist Robert Sinsheimer tested them for biological activity.

Sinsheimer placed the synthetic DNA molecules into laboratory dishes filled with Phi X's natural victim, *E. coli* bacteria, which are common intestinal microbes. Invading the *E. coli* cells, the DNA molecules directed them to produce hundreds of Phi X viruses, each complete with its protein coat. Eventual-

Thus some day, he speculates, man may be able to create artificial genes to replace missing ones in persons suffering from genetic diseases. The same technique could have other far-reaching effects. The polyoma virus, which produces a variety of cancers in many animals, is almost identical in size and complexity to Phi X 174. "If one can take the polyoma DNA and modify it in the test tube by implanting alternate genes," says Kornberg, "some of these could prevent the growth of cancer cells."

NUCLEAR ENERGY

Good Start for Gasbuggy

On a butte above New Mexico's Leandro Canyon last week, chilled observers fell silent as a voice on the public-address system reached the end of the countdown. For a tense moment, nothing happened. Then the earth jolted underfoot and a dull, distant



NATURAL DNA



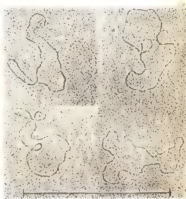
GOULIAN



KORNBERG



SINSHEIMER



SYNTHETIC DNA

Lining up and going into action according to the blueprint.

lymerase, that is known to promote the assembly of nucleotides into the typical helix-shaped strand that characterizes the DNA molecule, and another enzyme that closes the strand into a ring.

Out with Impurities. Taking natural DNA from a simple virus called Phi X 174 (which consists only of a DNA molecule surrounded by a protein sheath), they added it to the brew as a template, or blueprint, to guide the assembly of the synthetic molecule. Under the influence of the DNA polymerase enzyme, the four basic nucleotides aligned themselves in code-like combinations alongside the natural DNA molecule. Eventually they formed a strand consisting of about 6,000 nucleotide units that was a mirror image of the corresponding strand in the natural molecule. Then, using their mirror-image molecule as a template, they repeated the process to produce a precise but synthetic duplicate of the natural DNA molecule.

Although scientists had previously accomplished this feat, the DNA molecules they produced had breaks in their strands and were not biologically active. These separations, scientists be-

lieve, were caused by enzyme impurities in the DNA polymerase. To avoid this pitfall, the Stanford team had concentrated on the complete purification of its DNA polymerase, but could not be certain that their effort had paid off without calling in expert help.

Biochemist Kornberg, who is executive head of Stanford's biochemistry department, is no stranger to molecule synthesis. In 1959 he shared the Nobel Prize in Medicine for producing the first synthetic DNA molecule. Unlike the 1967 model, however, it was biologically inactive. He has received other awards for his work with enzymes and hopes next to learn how an enzyme like DNA polymerase actually organizes nucleotides into DNA molecules. Biochemist Goulian worked under Kornberg as a postdoctoral fellow, and is now on the faculty of the University of Chicago Medical School. Sinsheimer is an authority on viruses, has specialized in the study of Phi X 174.

Now that active DNA has been synthesized, says Kornberg, it may be possible to alter the chemical structure of the laboratory-produced material at will.

boom was heard, followed by a second, more gentle, rolling shock. Someone shouted: "We did it! We did it!" Handshakes were exchanged all around. The U.S. had successfully set off the first nuclear explosion sponsored jointly by the Government and industry.

Detonated 4,240 ft. below the surface, the 26-kiloton nuclear device was the key tool of Project Gasbuggy, a venture financed by the Atomic Energy Commission and the El Paso Natural Gas Co. and designed to increase natural-gas output. The blast was intended to shatter a large portion of the 285-ft.-thick layer of gas-bearing sandstone lying beneath the Leandro Canyon, thus releasing gas that is tightly locked within the rock.

35-Story Cavity. Ordinarily, gas is obtained simply by drilling a well into a formation of gas-bearing rock. Natural underground pressures then force the gas through pores in the rock into the well casing, enabling producers to tap large natural-gas reserves with relatively few wells. In large areas of New Mexico, Wyoming, Colorado, Utah and Arizona, however, much of the nat-



Gasbuggy really is. After drilling a well to the top of the chimney, they will tap off gas freed by the explosion and test it for radioactivity. If the radioactive contamination is low enough for the gas to be usable without extensive—and expensive—purification, and if the gas continues to flow into the well in volume, the U.S. may well be on its way to tapping the 300 trillion cubic feet of natural gas now tightly locked beneath the surface of the earth.

WEAPONS

Fast Bus to Russia

Well aware of rising concern about Russia's growing missile strength and its apparent development of an orbital bombing system, the Pentagon moved last week to assure critics that the U.S. was not about to surrender its strategic weapons superiority. To counter the Soviet threat, Defense Department Research Director John Foster revealed, the U.S. is developing a "space bus" that can streak over enemy territory dropping thermonuclear warheads on each of many targets.

Launched into a ballistic trajectory by either a Minuteman III or a submarine-borne Poseidon missile, the bus will be equipped with a guidance system and thrusters of its own so that it can make minor maneuvers after the main booster rocket cuts out. Arriving over the Soviet Union at a speed of 12,000 m.p.h. and an altitude of between 600 and 800 miles, it could make a series of course and speed changes, ejecting a warhead each time.

Because the bus operates at so great an altitude, only small changes in direction will be necessary to land warheads on targets hundreds of miles apart and several degrees of longitude or latitude to either side of the bus trajectory. "Each warhead is delivered to a different city," said Foster, "or, if desired, all can be delivered within one city."

Although Foster revealed few details about the space bus, which he called "a major breakthrough in missile technology," development of the vehicle will be made possible by the successful miniaturization of its computer and guidance systems and of the nuclear warheads themselves. Thus the bus, though small enough to be launched by the Minuteman and Poseidon missiles, will probably be able to carry as many as 20 kiloton-size nuclear warheads. Each will contain its own inertial guidance system programmed to take it to a particular target.

The new weapon, which falls into the category called MIRV (for Multiple, Independently targeted Re-entry Vehicle) in typical Pentagonese, "will multiply the capabilities of our missile systems manifold," says Foster. If "will assure penetration of Soviet anti-missile defenses and can deliver unacceptable damage to the Soviet Union even after we have suffered an all-out nuclear attack."

every
tree
is a
family
tree...



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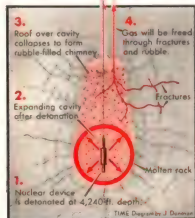


please!
only you can
prevent
forest
fires

atural gas is held in relatively nonporous rock that prevents the flow of all but small quantities of gas into wells, making them uneconomical to drill and operate. Engineers have increased the flow of these wells by fracturing the surrounding rock—either by forcing fluid under high pressure into the well or by underground nitroglycerin explosions. But the resulting increased flow of gas through the fractures is relatively short-lived and in some cases is not worth the additional cost.

Last week's nuclear explosion, on the other hand, should have produced such extensive shattering and cracking, according to AEC experts, that as much as 70% of the gas in the surrounding rock should flow into the well over a 20-year period, compared with only 10% that would be recovered by hydraulic fracturing or nitroglycerin blasting. Within a minute after the searing blast formed a 160-ft.-diameter cavity in the earth, they calculate, the roof of the cavity should have begun to collapse (TIME, Nov. 3), eventually forming a chimney of fractured rock as tall as a 35-story building. In addition, cracks should have radiated out for hundreds of feet beyond the chimney, providing routes for gas flow.

300 Trillion Cubic Feet. Although preliminary instrument checks at the site indicate that the subterranean chimney is already filled with gas, several months will pass before scientists can determine how successful Operation



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December 13, 1967

BUSINESS

LABOR

Peace

In an industry accustomed to down-to-the-wire labor negotiations, General Motors Corp. and the United Automobile Workers last week reached agreement on a new national contract without a strike deadline ever having been set. Bargaining around the clock for 30 hours just as if they were under the gun, negotiators worked out a settlement whose economic terms were virtually identical with those won earlier at Ford and Chrysler. In fact, the accord might have come about even sooner had it not been for a number of thorny non-money issues.

What accelerated the settlement was U.A.W. President Walter Reuther's vow, in the event that last week's talks faltered, to set the same strike deadline for both national and local contracts. Rather than attempt the sticky business of negotiating those pacts simultaneously, G.M.'s new president, Edward N. Cole, pressed his men to stay at the bargaining table until they could get the national contract out of the way.

Preventing Erosion. Under terms of the settlement, which is expected to be ratified handily by the rank and file, the \$4.68 an hour that the average G.M. worker now gets in wages and benefits would rise by about a dollar over three years. Agreement on non-economic matters was not so definite. On elimination of jobs through automation, for example, the two sides agreed to set up a committee that would merely try to prevent what Reuther calls "erosion of the bargaining unit."

Bowing to union objections to its outside contracting practices, the company promised to hire in-plant workers whenever it can and if it has to farm work out, to be sure to use union shops. Another key issue was Reuther's demand that company-paid U.A.W. committeemen be allowed to work full time on union business—as they do at Ford and Chrysler—without having to put in any time at their regular jobs. To solve that, G.M. agreed to free some committeemen altogether while paying on-the-job for others.

A welcome relief after Ford's strike and scattered walkouts at both G.M. and Chrysler, the new contract assures the auto industry of labor peace until 1970—though it could be a shaky peace at first. Reason: local issues are still unresolved by all but 15 of G.M.'s 134 bargaining units. Probably the most restful of all U.A.W. members, G.M. workers are thus in a position to stage local walkouts that could disrupt production or even close down the company altogether. Reuther considers that unlikely. The new national contract, the U.A.W. boss predicted last week, "should hasten a prompt disposition of all remaining local issues."

Tug of War

Historically afflicted by strikes, the U.S. copper industry is now going through one that is undoubtedly the most costly ever. For more than five months, 60,000 copper workers have been idled by a strike of 26 unions, led by the United Steelworkers. All of the industry's Big Four—Kennecott, Anaconda, American Smelting & Refining and Phelps Dodge—are affected. The unions demand hourly wage increases totaling 99¢ by their calculation and industry-wide bargaining; the companies have offered about 50¢ and have insisted on maintaining the same plant-by-

from the states or from the Mormon Church. Menus in the workers' homes have turned to bread and potatoes, stretched out with deer shot during the October hunting season. Businessmen who depend on miners are hurting too. G. R. Harmon, a grocer in the mining town of Granger, Utah, estimates that his business is off 62%. "People aren't buying anything that isn't basic food," says Harmon.

Many union families have begun to suspect that their leaders are more interested in changing the bargaining system than in achieving wage increases. "A lot of us wives," said one worried woman in the copper town of Jears,



COPPER WORKERS IN MAGNA, UTAH
About time for the womenfolk to speak up.

plant bargaining system that copper men have always used. Last week, in a desperate effort to break the impasse that has nearly wiped out domestic copper supplies and rocketed the price of the metal bought abroad, Phelps Dodge raised its wage offer to 63.7¢.

The unions' reply was that they would study the offer—meaning that they would wait and see whether the other companies upped their ante too. Phelps Dodge is the only company that depends solely on domestic production, and its profits are shrinking. Third-quarter revenues were down from \$16.3 million last year to \$4,400,000, and per-share earnings plunged from \$1.61 to 44¢.

About the only thing certain in the copper states of Arizona, Nevada, Montana and Utah is that this is going to be a bleak winter. The strike has already cost more than \$20 million in workers' wages. Many families are subsisting on strike benefits of from \$10 to \$30 a week or on welfare payments

Utah, "would like to sit down with the union bosses and tell them what we think of the strike. But we can't. We're afraid we'd get our husbands into trouble with the union." A veteran Draper, Utah miner calls it the "most senseless strike in the world. It's a tug of war for power. And what are they gaining? Nothing." Not surprisingly, when the Salt Lake Tribune polled 696 copper workers on their feelings, 70% favored returning to work while negotiations continued.

AUTOS

Next: the Voltswagon?

Sparked by increasing concern over air pollution caused by cars with conventional internal-combustion engines, proposals for electric cars have been regularly tumbling out of Government, industry and academic research projects. The latest came last week, when American Motors Corp. showed off its



A.M.C.'S CHAPIN & AMITRON CAR
Plenty of sparks, but still a way to go.

Amitron, a three-passenger, snub-nosed electric car, at a Detroit hotel.

With its advanced power system, declared American's chairman, Roy D. Chapin Jr., the machine "could eliminate many problems that up to this point have made electric-type cars impractical." The car is being developed with an ultimate capability of up to 50 m.p.h. for a range of 150 miles between battery charges. That would be a big step beyond existing designs for electric cars, whose usefulness is severely restricted by an 80-mile maximum range on a single battery charge.

Quick Zap. A.M.C.'s hopes rest on a piggyback system of two 25-lb. nickel-cadmium batteries and two 75-lb. lithium batteries being developed by Gulton Industries of Metuchen, N.J. The lithium batteries are for sustained speeds, can store 15 times as much energy per pound as lead-acid batteries now used in conventional cars. For quick acceleration—a safety factor lacking in present electric-car designs—the nickel-cadmium batteries would cut in briefly, could zap the car from a standstill to 50 m.p.h. in 20 seconds. And for longer battery life between charges, the Amitron would have a "regenerative braking system" to generate battery-charging power as the car is slowed.

How close is the car to production? The company has only half a dozen starters on the project, can hardly foot the bill for a crash program. Though A.M.C. won special congressional legislation last week providing a tax rebate that may be worth as much as \$20 million, and successfully negotiated a one-year extension of a \$65 million bank loan, it lost \$75.8 million in fiscal 1967. And development of the Amitron has a way to go. The car rolled out last week was a prototype with no power plant. First road tests of the power plant will come next year, when the system will be installed in an ordinary Rambler American. Nevertheless, Chapin figures that it all goes well, the electric car could be produced in five years.

That is more optimistic than other carmakers are about their electrics. Ford last week admitted that any use of its new sodium-sulphur battery (*TIME*, Oct. 21, 1966) is still ten years away. General Motors sees little chance of bringing down the \$15,000 it would cost to produce the silver-zinc batteries in its Electrovan II prototype. But the planning goes on, and should ultimately produce practical results. Among other names and notions being concocted by A.M.C. Styling Chief Richard Teague is a car called "the Voltswagon."

Mercedes in Overdrive

Most German automakers have been speeding along in reverse this year. Turned back by the country's recession, auto sales have retreated 19% from last year's peak, and exports have skidded by 14%. Yet at the Stuttgart works of Daimler-Benz A.G., where 80,000 employees are rolling out more Mercedes than ever, the industry is on overtime and in overdrive.

Mercedes auto sales have raced past the rest of Germany's standstill economy, are running 5% ahead of their 1966 level of 191,625 cars. By year's end, sales of the company's cars, as well as its heavy duty trucks, buses and engines, which account for more than 40% of its business, should easily match last year's record \$1.26 billion, yield more than \$20 million in profits. And its exports to 160 countries will rise by 9% to 100,000 cars. Recession? Scoffs Dr. Joachim Zahn, Daimler's 53-year-old chief: "We at Mercedes were ready for it."

The world's oldest existing automaker—Daimler cars first appeared in 1886—Mercedes' preparations have been as solidly engineered as its cars. Going into 1967, the German industry was hit not only by the general business slump but also by a sharp change in the home market: as the once big post-war pool of first-time buyers emptied, automakers had to adjust to the slower pace of replacement sales. Going against

the trend, Mercedes has aimed its 15 high-priced, high-performance models, which hold 7% of the German market, at "men who have achieved something." Thus its customers, ranging from the burghers who buy \$2,750 Model 200 sedans to the big business "Herr Direktors" who cruise in 20-ft., \$16,000 Grand Mercedes limousines, are least hurt by the recession.

Ironically, Mercedes has also been getting a lot of speed from its go-slow policy of production, which has never quite matched demand. A big item in its current surge is its Model 250 sedans, which boast 2.5 liter engines and price tags at \$4,000 and up. Introduced in early 1966, the popular 250 drew a two-year order backlog. That has kept production humming while competitors like Volkswagen have been forced to cut back.

Preparing for a consumer comeback next year, Mercedes is readying a new line. Though the company is keeping quiet about details, the new line will have more power than the 105-h.p. 200s, appear without the rear-fender fins that Mercedes picked up from Detroit in 1959.

Meanwhile, the company plans to keep up a marketing push that, for all of Mercedes' staid image, has become truly muscular. Deciding that his company ought to do better in the "world's toughest market," Mercedes' Zahn ended a U.S. marketing deal with now-defunct Studebaker-Packard in 1965, built up an independent network of 260 dealers. By carefully watching car-buying tastes in the U.S.—where 85% want automatic transmission (v. only 40% in Germany) and 65% ask for air conditioning (v. less than 1%), Mercedes has increased its American sales by 25% this year, to 20,600 cars, now accounts for half of all U.S. imports tagged at \$4,000 and over.



IMPORTS ARRIVING IN NEW JERSEY
Lots of speed from a go-slow policy.

MONEY

Bullion Battle

With gold speculation still feverish in the wake of the pound's devaluation, a high-ranking U.S. monetary official flew into Switzerland last week in defense of the dollar. After consultation in Basel with representatives of the international gold pool, Under Secretary of the Treasury for Monetary Affairs Frederick L. Deming emerged with the tantalizingly vague news that "we have agreed on an even closer coordination of our efforts."

Though details remained secret, what Deming was referring to was fresh moves by the pool's seven active members: the U.S., Britain, West Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and The Netherlands) to assure orderly trading on the London gold market, which handles 80% of the world's bullion dealings. The pool appeared most likely to:

- Ban gold trading on credit, a measure designed to dampen speculative buying by those who would rather not spend cash for outright purchases.

- Forbid purchases on a future-delivery basis. Because of the U.S. pledge to maintain the price of gold at \$35 an ounce, such transactions have meant virtually no risk for buyers, since there is a floor below which gold presumably will not drop.

- Require that gold dealings by non-member central banks and private financial institutions be made directly on the market rather than through commercial banks. By ending the anonymity surrounding transactions arranged by Swiss banks, which customarily handle two-thirds of all orders going into the London market, this measure would enable the pool to identify—and cope with—abnormally heavy speculators.

- Formalize the pool by giving it a formidable gold stock of its own for the first time. Until now each member nation has been billed monthly for gold that has been sold to meet speculative market demand. The new scheme might involve a "bankbook" arrangement under which members would deposit large amounts of gold with the pool—while continuing to count such gold in their own reserves.

For the moment, however, trading remained volatile. Ironically, one reason was market uncertainty over the precise measures that the Basel meeting had produced. On the Paris market, volume was so heavy that dealers ran out of gold ingots, had to delay delivery of one-kilogram bars for two weeks. In London, demand reached the highest levels since the week following Britain's devaluation. Nonetheless, dealers remained confident that any conceivable speculation could be met. For all their activity over the past month, private speculators have purchased an estimated \$600 million worth of gold—a relatively small drain on the total \$26 billion in bullion held by the U.S. and its gold-pool partners.



LOCKHEED'S AH-56A AT VAN NUYS DEMONSTRATION

Ace up the sleeve.

AVIATION

Cheyenne Warrior

When it lost out to Boeing last January in the competition for the contract to develop the U.S.'s first supersonic transport plane, Lockheed Aircraft Corp. still had a multimillion-dollar ace up its sleeve. The Army had earlier awarded the company an \$86 million development contract for an aircraft to ride shotgun for the vulnerable troop-carrying helicopters in Viet Nam. Last week at Van Nuys Airport, Calif., Lockheed put its answer in the air: a prototype of the radical AH-56A Cheyenne—a combination helicopter and fixed-wing plane—gave a 15-minute display of its capabilities for members of the military, Government and the press.

The Army's need developed out of the fact that low-flying, thin-skinned and slow-moving helicopters are often clay pigeons to ground-based enemy sharpshooters and are virtually impossible to protect with jet or conventional prop planes. In demonstrating how it could do the job, Lockheed's Cheyenne rolled down the runway at 50 m.p.h., stopped, reversed direction, then did a series of intricate ground maneuvers before lifting itself 10 ft. aloft and hovering in that position. Extending and retracting its landing gear, the craft climbed to 30 ft. and, in helicopter fashion, backed up in the air. Test Pilot Don Segner then gave the plane's single turbine engine the throttle, and the 55-ft.-long craft raced above the applauding gallery at speeds approaching its maximum of 250 m.p.h.

Impressive Talents. The Cheyenne's stubby wings help lift it at high speeds and ease the strain on the rotor blades overhead. Vertical takeoffs and landings, plus its hovering capability, are aided by a tail-mounted stabilizing rotor. Increasing its acceleration capacity, which carries the Cheyenne from zero-hover to 230 m.p.h. in 38 seconds, is a rear-mounted pusher propeller. Moreover, the plane can decelerate from this speed to zero-hover in 17 seconds.

Most impressive of the Cheyenne's talents, however, is its deadly arsenal. Moving in for the kill, the two-man crew—pilot and copilot-gunner—have at their fingertips six missile launchers, a swiveling belly-turret with a 30-mm. automatic gun, and a nose turret armed with either a 40-mm. grenade-launcher or a six-barrel minigun that fires 6,000 rounds per minute. A special helmet linked to an infra-red light beam allows the pilot to aim his fire system by moving his head, while the gunner, using a periscope sight, can presumably hit an object as small as a car radiator cap from 13 miles away.

The Army has indicated that it wants 600 of the craft, for which it would pay about \$1,000,000 apiece. The final decision, however, rests with the Department of Defense. Should the defense order come through, Lockheed will have funds to permit further exploitation of the AH-56A design. Company Chairman Daniel J. Haughton thinks there will be a good foreign market for the Cheyenne, and Lockheed engineers are already studying a 30-passenger commercial version called the CL-1026 for intracity travel. Beyond that, the company envisions a 90-passenger model that could cruise at 500 m.p.h. over a 500-mile range.

RETAILING

Opening the Closed Fist

As they readied themselves for this week's traditional onslaught of last-minute shoppers, U.S. retailers were virtually assured of a Christmas sales record—for the 14th year in a row. Although pleased at that prospect, most store owners are anxiously waiting to see whether the holiday spree will trigger an upsurge in consumer spending in 1968. Their common concern, as Atlanta Appliance Dealer J. M. Harper puts it, is that the consumer may have merely "opened his fist temporarily, and after Christmas will close it again."

While 1967 retail sales are expected to wind up 4% ahead of last year's level—at a record \$314 billion—a siz-

able chunk of that increase reflects inflationary rises in retail prices rather than growing consumer demand. The effects of inflation* are also disturbingly apparent in the burgeoning costs confronting merchants for labor, promotion and goods. Because of the cost squeeze, retailers may well have trouble maintaining profits unless there is a substantial increase in their sales volume.

Longer Work Week. With disposable personal income at an alltime high, the odds seem good that people will start spending more and saving less. In re-

mand-dampening tax increase is enacted, said Ford's chairman, "I think we are going to have a very good year."

Because of the recent upturn in home construction, a similar improvement is likely in the sales of such durable goods as major household appliances and home furnishings. With soft goods already running strong (this year's Christmas gift favorites include such items as time-scented shaving lotions, textured hose and men's turtle-neck sweaters), retail sales rung up during 1968 could increase by as much as 7%.

blocks that can be fashioned into almost any shape or mosaiclike pattern.

Cheese Merchant's Daughter. Christiansen's business got its start in Billund during the early 1930s when his father, a carpenter unable to find work in the depressed village, began making wooden toys in his workshop. Naming his enterprise Lego, a contraction for the Danish *leg godt* (meaning play well), Ole Kirk Christiansen peddled his toys by bicycling about in the surrounding countryside. When Godtfred reached 14, he dropped out of the village school to join his father, after World War II helped swing Lego into the manufacture of plastic toy animals.

Taking an increasingly bigger role in the business, Godtfred soon got the idea of producing a line of construction toys that figured to appeal to girls as well as boys; he devised gaily colored plastic blocks to fit the bill, and production began on them in 1952. Once the blocks caught on, children naturally needed more and more sets to expand their construction possibilities—and the business grew apace. By 1960 (the elder Christiansen died in 1958), the product was doing so well that Lego dropped its production of wooden toys.

A quiet but intense man who married the daughter of the cheese merchant in a neighboring village, Godtfred Christiansen today runs his business in a complex of modern buildings that he has put up around his father's old workshop. With little formal education, he reads so haltingly that he prefers to have aides deliver reports orally—but he makes up for all that with a sharp business mind. To market his product in Europe, for example, Christiansen shunned toy wholesalers to set up his own network of 13 sales branches. He explains: "We would have disappeared in the multitude of competitors if we had placed ourselves in the hands of wholesalers."

Saarienen's Models. In the U.S. and Canada, Lego's line is turned out under a licensing agreement with luggage-building Samsonite Corp., whose Lego sales—now some \$8,000,000 a year—have grown so fast that the company recently doubled its Colorado toymaking facilities. To spur sales further, Christiansen has introduced electrical motors that enable youngsters to use Lego blocks for building miniature cars, locomotives and cranes that run. A testimonial to the design possibilities of the versatile blocks is the fact that the late Eero Saarinen liked to use them to build his architectural models.

Though Christiansen now turns out a special block for such purposes as room decoration and architectural planning, his first commitment is still to children. In Billund next summer, he will open "Legoland," an eleven-acre park featuring, in addition to a children's theater and playgrounds, a miniature city built entirely from Lego blocks.



CHRISTIANSEN & MODEL HOUSES



LEGO GUITAR

Blocks to fit the bill.

DENMARK

Toys from Jutland

cent months, uncertainty over inflation, the Viet Nam war and the possibility of a federal tax increase have prompted consumers to salt away an abnormally high 7% of their disposable income in savings. They also have been taking extra pains to stay out of debt: installment credit is expected to grow by only \$3.5 billion in 1967 v. \$6 billion last year. While such thriftiness has hurt sales up to now, it means over the long run, says one Federal Reserve Board economist, that the average consumer is "in a better position to take on new debt for a color TV set."

That view has its encouraging side in this time of lagging sales of durable goods, most notably in the strike-afflicted auto industry. Though Detroit is still feeling strike effects—auto sales in the first ten days of December were running 12% behind last year—the industry continues to count on a sharp rise on 1968 sales charts. One automaker, Henry Ford II, last week predicted that next year's car and truck sales will be up by 900,000, matching 1965's record sales of 9,300,000. Even if a de-

Denmark's Godtfred Kirk Christiansen, 47, is fond of remarking that even the best is none too good for children, and he should know what he is talking about: the worldwide success of his Lego toymaking business has all the ingredients of a modern-day Hans Christian Andersen fairy tale. An anomaly among internationally minded Danish executives, Christiansen speaks no foreign languages, bases his family-owned enterprise not in Copenhagen but in the remote Jutland village of Billund (pop. 1,300). Nonetheless, his up-from-nothing business has annual sales of more than \$30 million, now accounts for almost a penny of every dollar of Danish exports.

Touring Western Europe this month for a peek at pre-Christmas toy sales, Christiansen pronounced himself "satisfied"—as well he might have been. Despite recessions in several countries, Lego's holiday sales on the Continent were running up to 20% ahead of last year's pace. What makes that performance all the more impressive is the fact that Lego thrives in the fad-ridden toy industry with just one main product line: construction kits consisting of interlocking, precision-molded plastic

* Another inflationary sign came last week, when the Federal Reserve Board announced that during November, the nation's industrial output took its sharpest monthly jump in three years—rising 2.6 points on the board's index, to 159% of the 1957-59 base period.

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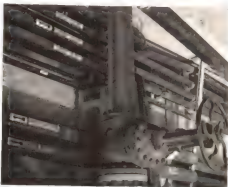
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MILESTONES

Married. James Kavanaugh, 38, disillusioned Roman Catholic, ex-priest and author (*A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*); and Patricia Walden, 35, a San Diego nurse; in an Episcopal ceremony; in La Jolla, Calif.

Married. Dave Beck, 73, erstwhile Teamster boss, who in 1959 drew a five-year jail sentence for tax evasion, served 30 months; and Helen Reynolds, 55, longtime friend of his first wife, who died in 1961; she for the first time.

Divorced. By Russell A. Firestone Jr., 41, heir to the tire fortune; Mary Alice Sullivan Firestone, 32, his third wife; a onetime Palm Beach school teacher; on grounds of extreme cruelty and adultery; after six years of marriage, one son; in West Palm Beach, Fla. The 17-month intermittent trial produced enough testimony of extramarital adventures on both sides, said the judge, "to make Dr. Freud's hair curl."

Died. Otis Redding, 25, kingfish of soul music; when his light plane crashed into a lake near Madison, Wis. Otis wailed his dirt-rav blues to jazzed-up blasts of trumpets and trombones and cut loose a string of hits (*Respect*, *Try a Little Tenderness*) that took soul music out of the ghetto and into the top ten.

Died. Irving Gittlin, 49, producer of some of TV's best documentaries; of leukemia; in Manhattan. A onetime CBS newsmen (*Twentieth Century*), Gittlin switched to NBC in 1960 and filmed his White Paper series on such prickly subjects as U.S. welfare policy, civil rights, and 1964's *Cuba*, an analysis of the Bay of Pigs invasion that won an Emmy.

Died. Victor de Sabata, 75, longtime (1929-53) artistic director of Milan's La Scala Opera; of heart disease; in Santa Margherita Ligure, Italy. Conducting, he once growled, "is a beastly profession." But no one approached the podium with more single-mindedness than this long-armed maestro who treated orchestras to operatic rages and audiences to athletic conducting, ever disdaining—like his predecessor, Toscanini—the use of a score.

Died. Dr. Henry B. Bigelow, 88, U.S. pioneer in oceanography; of pneumonia; in Concord, Mass. As a Harvard professor in 1930, Bigelow founded what has become one of the nation's biggest oceanographic centers, a vast complex at Woods Hole, Mass., that has charted the Gulf Stream, explained tricks of sonar to the U.S. Navy, now maps the ocean's floor and searches out ways to tap the vast underwater food potential.

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CINEMA

NEW MOVIES

Anatomy of a Murder

Truman Capote called it a "nonfiction novel," a dubious tag designed to draw attention to the undeniable fact that he had used the novelist's craft to render reality. Through painstaking accretion of minutiae, in *Cold Blood* harrowingly anatomized a multiple murder and in the process brought literary life to six dead people. They were the four members of the prosperous Clutter family of Holcomb, Kans., and their killers, Perry Smith and Dick Hickock, who were executed in 1965. Although the book was flawed by a seeming excess of sympathy for the criminals, it had the sweeping force and glare of high-beam headlights zooming down a forgotten country road. In Richard Brooks's film version, the candlepower is weakened, but the power and fascination of the story are undiminished. The nonfiction novel has become anything but a noncinematic movie.

Writer-Director Brooks has followed Capote's story with remarkable fidelity. Hickock (Scott Wilson), an ex-con, allows his narrow, twisted mind to feed on rumors of a safe with \$10,000 in the Clutter farmhouse. He persuades his parolee friend Smith to come along for the ride. But this is no ordinary caper, since both men teeter on the edge of madness. Hickock has strong but subliminal homosexual feelings, and likes to call his colleague "Honey." Perry, brutalized since childhood by his rodeo-riding father, is the victim of a motorcycle accident that left his dwarfed legs in perpetual agony. To alleviate the pain, he has become an aspirin addict, chewing tablets in twos and threes. At the farmhouse, the pair's dream of riches turns into a nightmare

of disappointment: there is no safe, no money. In an orgy of rage, they kill the four Clutters, an unremarkable family of 4-H prosperity and rectitude.

Evil's Banality. The clues they leave behind are minimal: a few footprints and some rope with which they tied their victims. But Hickock and Smith are pathetic examples of the banality of evil. With innumerable chances to escape capture, they start a spree of flamboyant cheek bouncing and petty thievery that keep them constantly on the road, from Mexico to Las Vegas to Kansas City, where the police dragnet pulls them in. In their luggage are the two pairs of boots that wallowed through the Clutters' blood.

Capote's book was constructed cinematically, with swift cuts from the killers to the family to the police, flashbacks from the trial to the crime itself. The movie's weakest point, ironically, is its self-conscious filmishness. The black-and-white photography by Conrad Hall may be the best of the year, but Brooks tricks it up with flashy dissolves—a bus becomes a moving train, a prostitute metamorphoses into Perry's mother—that give the film a slick and slippery surface. In *Cold Blood*, moreover, unnecessarily belabors the arguments against capital punishment by introducing a sob-brother journalist who wearily articulates the message.

Players v. People. But these are peripheral virtues. Of greater importance are the picture's virtues, including Brooks's grimly detailed study of the wintry Kansas plains and his scrupulous attention to authenticity—the Clutter home itself was used, the murders filmed in the room where they occurred. The director's greatest triumph, however, is his use of unknowns. With the exception of a handful of character actors in minor parts, and John Forsythe as a detective, no face in the film is familiar—least of all Dick's and Perry's. Thus, like obscure performers in a foreign film, they have no prior images to disturb the fragile illusion that they are not players but people.

As Perry, Robert Blake has the narcissistic good looks Capote described, with "the dark moist eyes" and brilliant black hair; he even appears to have "the stunted legs that seemed grotesquely inadequate to the grownup bulk they supported," Scott Wilson, as Dick, has the "long-jawed and narrow face tilted, the left side rather lower than the right," and the "American-style, good-kid" manner that can bounce a check or a baseball with equal ease. It is their performances that lift the film from documentary competence to near brilliance. In the end, the actors have become the criminals, understandable if not forgivable, and Perry's last words, "I'd like to apologize, but to who?", have the persistent ring of a child's unanswerable question that remains in the air after he has gone.



BLAKE & WILSON IN "COLD BLOOD"
Brilliance beneath a slippery surface.



DUKE 'ON FLOOR' IN "DOLLS"
Nothing but numb.

Showbiz Sickness

The story is about girls who take all sorts of pills, but *Valley of the Dolls* offers only bromides. There is a bottleful to choose from, most notably: "For many years I prayed for this moment. Now that it's come, I don't feel a thing."

Viewers are also likely not to feel anything—except numbness—after ingesting this filmed version of Jacqueline Susann's wide-screen novel, loosely based on the troubles of some semi-recognizable showbiz sickies. Among them are a platinum blonde (Sharon Tate) who makes nudes to pay for her husband's stay in a sanatorium; a young singer (Patty Duke) who later turns to bedding down with strangers; and a brassy voiced Broadway zircon in the rough (Susan Hayward).

Watching them with innocent eyes is a theatrical amanuensis (Barbara Parkins) who soon learns that the room at the top has no exit. Patty is huffy at the box office, but perpetually drunk on booze and zonked by "dolls"—drugs that pep her up in the morning and put her to sleep at night. Susan gets sharp lines in her face and dull ones in her plays. Sharon, a cancer victim, commits suicide by downing a mouthful of sleeping pills. Barbara has an affair with an agent, gets only 10% of his affection and starts playing with dolls herself. She eventually flees back to her New England home town, where a Christmas-card snowfall makes everything pure and clean again, just like in the movies.

The cliché of show business as a dream world may have been wide-eyed and saccharine. But Novelist Susann's view of Hollywood as nightmare *Valleys* merely adds up to the old naïveté in reverse. The show's most appropriate line is uttered by Sharon Tate as she does some best exercises in front of a mirror. "The hell with it," she says, summing up what seems to be the film's attitude toward its stars, "let 'em droop."

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BOOKS

"Billy-Goat Pining for Purity"

TOLSTOY by Henri Troyat. Translated by Nancy Amphoux. 762 pages. Doubleday. \$7.95.

Making statements about Leo Tolstoy is like pouring a fifth of vodka into the Volga. Academic theses, the complex configurations of criticism, even psychology's intimate probes are quickly engulfed by Tolstoy's turbulent, enigmatic genius.

Henri Troyat, Russian-born novelist, biographer of Dostoevsky and Pushkin and member of the French Academy, is well aware of the dangers of attempting to "explain" Tolstoy. Instead of offering absolute answers, he approaches his immense task with unflagging respect and fascination for the conflicting variety of ideas and emotions that filled Tolstoy's 82 years. His exhaustive but never exhausting chronology provides a picture of Tolstoy the man, as complete as can be found in any one book. What gives the biography its great stature, however, is not so much its bulk as the masterly stance Troyat takes in the wings while the material he has collected is allowed to dramatize itself.

The character that emerges is not altogether attractive, especially for those whose image of Tolstoy is based solely on reverential readings of *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*. The ideas and emotions that clashed in those masterpieces warred within Tolstoy himself, sending him into cycles of sublime creativity and profound depression. To Tolstoy, reality always differed from hopes and dreams, and it was axiomatic to his art that life would be most disappointing to those characters who had the highest qualities. In his own life, that same axiom became a self-fulfilling prophecy.

Improving on Descartes. Although Tolstoy was constantly haunted by feelings of doubt and inadequacy, he accepted the fact of his genius and singularity without question. He was a born faker; as a youth, he amended Descartes' dictum, "I think, therefore I am," to "I want, therefore I am." And why not? Rich, landed and titled in a country where rural life still turned on the relationship of serf to master, Tolstoy could indulge his appetites without fear of rebuke. As a 22-year-old volunteer, he fought rebel tribesmen in the Caucasus, wenched, gambled, and tossed off cocktails made of vodka, gunpowder and congealed blood. But he also kept a list of puritanical Rules of Life, which he usually updated during the tormented periods of guilt that almost always

followed his revels. Even his searing self-rebuke often seemed gluttonous. He was, says Troyat in one of the book's few sprightly phrases, "a billy-goat pining for purity."

It was that constant striving for purity that led his artistic and spiritual life. While carousing in the Caucasus, he wrote *Story of My Childhood*—which was instantly accepted for publication and drew praise from Turgenev and Dostoevsky. Later, in the Crimea, Tolstoy served bravely as an artillery officer and wrote *Sevastopol Sketches*, which, in their fidelity to the sweep and detail of battle, rank as some of



TOLSTOY & WIFE SONYA (1903)

"I want, therefore I am."

the best war correspondence of all time. The very flaws and inconsistencies that he displayed during those years would, as Troyat notes, "later enable him to embrace the attitudes of each of his characters in turn with equal sincerity." Indeed, contradiction was a pattern that grew and intensified throughout Tolstoy's life: he was a great artist who denounced art, a nobleman who yearned to be a peasant, a preacher of humility who considered himself only once removed from Christ, a seeker of praise who dismissed it with an almost superstitious fear, an antimaterialist who never stopped acquiring land.

In addition, he extolled the virtues of family life at the same time that he neglected his own. And it is this contradiction that Troyat documents with special warmth—particularly the love-hate relationship between Tolstoy and his wife Sonya. Troyat's portrait of Sonya is considerably more sympathetic than that drawn by most other biographers. During 48 years of marriage,

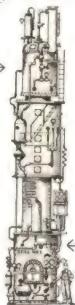
which started with a brutal wedding-night struggle that left the inexperienced bride sexually unresponsive for the rest of her life, she bore his children, efficiently managed Yasnaya Polyana, the family estate, transcribed his chicken scratches into legible manuscripts and nursed him through illness.

After 28 years of marriage, Tolstoy repaid her by publishing *The Kreutzer Sonata*, a combination novel of manners, tract against sexual relations, and confession. On the surface, there is nothing in *The Kreutzer Sonata* to link Tolstoy and Pozdnyshv, the protagonist. But Tolstoy did reveal many incidents of their private lives—the young bride being shocked at his frankly lustful diary, a quarrel about whether or not to move to Moscow, his resentment over her refusal to nurse their babies. More important, Pozdnyshv's theories and feelings reflected Tolstoy's. Having exalted marriage and condemned adultery in *Anna Karenina*, Tolstoy, in *The Kreutzer Sonata*, cursed women in general and Sonya in particular. Some trivial incident involving Pozdnyshv's wife—like drinking her tea too noisily—makes him "loathe her as though she were committing some hideous crime." In passage after passage, *The Kreutzer Sonata* reveals Tolstoy's disgust with marriage, which he felt was Sonya's way of gaining power over him. It is nothing but "legalized prostitution," says Pozdnyshv. Sonya's anger and humiliation were compounded by the fact that she had just borne her 13th child.

Time to Go Home. The pathetic irony of Tolstoy's life is that, having sought the "happiness of simple souls," his last years were a mire of family squabbles and nasty intrigues about his legacy. Enfeebled by strokes and driven to distraction by his household, he ran away from home in search of solitude. On Oct. 31, 1910, at the Astapovo railway station, he was overtaken by pneumonia, put into the stationmaster's bed, where he died seven days later, as throngs of reporters, photographers, curiosity seekers and vendors surged about waiting for the death rattle.

In his autobiography, Vladimir Nabokov recalls how his mother responded when news of Tolstoy's death reached her in Germany: "Good gracious, Time to go home." To millions of Russians, titled landowners and tethered peasants alike, Tolstoy the Homeric artist, the splenetic social critic, the mystic, the eccentric and the hypocrite, personified the restless soul of a nation soon to undergo its own travail. His death was a death in the family. One simply had to get home. Troyat's monumental biography now makes that trip possible for everyone.

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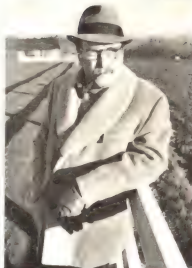
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GEORGES SIMENON
Less by turns than twists.

Short Notices

THE CAT by Georges Simenon 182 pages: Harcourt, Brace & World, \$4.50.

At 64, with some 500 novels to his credit, Georges Simenon continues to demonstrate that he is a writer of extraordinary range—from murder-a-month Inspector Maigret thrillers to some of the most original psychodrama since Gide. These days his tone is quieter and more autumnal than it used to be; he is thinking hard about old age. His latest hook suggests Edward Albee loose among the geriatric set, a *Virginia Woolf* on Medicare.

The Cat is the story of a widow and a widower whose hatred for each other is exceeded only by their common terror of dying alone. The Bouvins married in their 60s, and now, in their 70s, their communication is limited to nasty little notes to each other. Simenon carries their story along less by turns of plot than by twists of the knife. Venom becomes the sole remaining source of vitality. And when Marguerite Bouvin dies, her husband, who hated her so, collapses. He has little hope of ever leaving the hospital.

By now, Simenon's stylistic economy has been sharpened to outright penury; the silences of the author are as telling as those of his characters. His one remaining indulgence is loving descriptions of a Paris that never loses its intimate ambience, never grows old.

A HORSEMAN RIDING BY by R. F. Delderfield, 1.151 pages: Simon & Schuster \$7.50.

Although their ranks are thinning out, there are those who yearn for the tall novel overflowing with characters, spanning decades instead of days or hours. Right now, the best bargain of this sort is *A Horseman Riding By*, by the British playwright and novelist R. F. Delder-



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Ohio Canton-Akron WOIO 1060, Cincinnati WNOP 740, Cleveland WERE 1300, Columbus WBNS 1460, Dayton WHIO 1290, Portsmouth WPAY 1400, Youngstown WKBN 570.

Pennsylvania Harrisburg WCED 1420, Erie WWGO 1450, Indiana WDAD 1450, Johnstown WARD 1490, Pittsburgh-McKeesport WEDQ 870, Scranton WGBI 910, State College WRSC 1390, Uniontown WMBB 590.

Virginia Charlottesville WINA 1070, Norfolk WJAR 790, Richmond WRNL 910, Roanoke WDBJ 960, Staunton WAFB 900.

West Virginia Beckley WJLS 560, Charleston WCHS 580, Fairmont WMMN 920, Huntington WWHY 1470, Parkersburg WPAR 1450, Princeton WLOH 1490, Welch WOVE 1340, Wheeling WBZE 1470.

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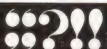
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field. It is long enough (half a million words) to last a careful reader from now till the Fourth of July, and it is so transparently simple that neither its ideas nor ambiguities will startle anyone. Since it runs a course from the Boer War to Dunkirk and sticks to a small rural valley and about 100 characters, it may well be the swan-song novel of England's squirearchy.

The book's ingenuousness is not all to the bad. The valley is a microcosm of country life, and the young paternalistic squire who owns it wants only to keep it free of the incursions of progress. If the idyllic life he envisions for his tenants has more than a bearable streak of treacle, it is hard to cavil at the squire's well-meant fatherliness. Births, deaths, maids slipping into the shrubbery with the lads of their choice, the dotty and the shrewd, the pleasures of the bed and the hum of local politics—nothing escapes the chronicler's notice. But after a while the detail becomes soporific, the eye closes, and the thud is heard through the house as the book slides from the lap.

Worm Beneath the Nail

THE NOTEBOOKS OF DYLAN THOMAS, edited by Ralph Maud 364 pages New Directions, \$8.50

For a man who devoted so much of his life to drinking up his talent, Dylan Thomas had a remarkably methodical approach to that talent when he was putting it to work. In his tight, clear script he filled notebook after notebook with the history of his poems—when the idea was first set down, how long he sat on it, how he cleaned up the various versions, what he chose to publish and what he left out. Such matters may seem too arcane for all except literary note-pickers, but for those who remember Thomas as a presence and his *Collected Poems* for some of the best written in recent decades, *The Notebooks* help to explain the evolution of his art.

"My method is this," he explained. "I write a poem on innumerable sheets of scrap paper, often upside down and criss-cross ways unpunctuated, surrounded by drawings of lampposts and boiled eggs, in a very dirty mess: bit by bit I copy out the slowly developing poem into an exercise book; and, when it is completed, I type it out. The scrap sheets I burn." Fourteen years after Thomas' death, collectors still mourn those burned scraps. But four of his workbooks of self-history are available for study—at 26, Dylan sold them to the Lockwood Library of the State University of New York for \$101. Others may yet turn up, but these are enough to discount fully the romantic belief of his pre-hippie worshippers, who liked to think that their boozy, wenching golden boy had reached out carelessly and seized his lovely lines as they drifted into his alcoholic haze.

The entries culled by Editor Maud show clearly the developing poet. He was only



DYLAN THOMAS

Among the lampposts and boiled eggs.

15 when he started the first of the four notebooks he sold to the Lockwood, under 20 when he made the last entry in them, but from the very first they reflect both a fierce doubt about the worth of life and a fierce enthusiasm for it. "We are too beautiful to die," wrote the doubting adolescent, and soon he was noting that the beautiful die young (Thomas himself was to die at 39).

On through four years of doubt and cynicism, he shook his fist at mortality—the defiance sometimes gorgeously expressed, at others trapped by fuzzy rhetoric. In the last entry, Thomas wrapped together the best and the worst that he had seen and felt so far:

This world is half the devil's and my own,

Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl

And curling round the bud that forks her eye.

An old man's shank one-marrowed with my bone,

And all the herrings smelling in the sea,

I sit and watch the worm beneath my nail

Wearing the quick away.

How

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Robert J. Greenbaum, president of Inland Steel Products Co., and Mrs. Greenbaum view a new acquisition at the Milwaukee Art Center.

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